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THROWING AWAY OUR BIRTHRIGHT

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago, Mr. Joseph Lee, of Boston, wrote in a Boston newspaper a brief fable which he called *Immigrants and Sparrows*. It began as follows: "The English sparrow seems to me typical of the sort of immigrant that gives rise to an immigration problem. Like the great mass of undesirable accessions to our population, from the first importation of slaves to the latest pipe-line immigration fostered by the foreign steamship companies and other financial interests, he was brought over here on the theory of the need of immigrant labor. It was thought that the native birds were incapable of dealing with the worms that were eating the elm trees, and the English sparrow was sent for because he represented the cheapest labor in sight applicable to that particular job. His coming very soon gave rise to the question whether the sparrows were not worse than the worms, to which William Travers made his famous reply: 'I d-dunno. N-n-never had the sparrows.' Certainly he has had the effect of driving out our native birds, at least from the Eastern cities in which, like similar importations, he has largely congregated. The individual sparrow who is brought over here may be happy, but it does not follow that the world's happiness is increased by his importation. His coming does not lessen congestion on the other side; there are as many sparrows in England now as there were when the immigration began, or as there would have been if it had never taken place. Misery in Europe is not

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lessened by importing it to this country. It is merely presented with another continent to spread over. The net result of immigration of such a class is the substitution of a lower stratum of being for a higher one and the intrusting of the fortunes of our republic increasingly to the stratum thus substituted."

In the years which have intervened between the publication of Mr. Lee's parable and the present, I have seen no more pertinent illustration of the manner in which our American immigration system works. The record of the potato bug or Colorado beetle might also be cited, and the actual losses to crops which it has occasioned are too well known to require a detailed statement. But the examples of the harm done by the unwise introduction of both the English sparrow and of the potato bug have been multiplied a thousandfold by our reckless treatment of the immigration problem.

A momentary pause has come as a result of the Great War, and of the enactment of the temporary three per cent restrictive law, which expires, by limitation, on June 30 next; but in the course of a few months the question will press upon us with renewed insistence, and upon our decision of it the welfare of the country may depend for many years; and not merely the welfare, but the very preservation, of the United States as the nation which the founders planned and every patriotic and intelligent citizen since then has wished it to be. Even during this pause immigrants are entering this country at the rate of several hundreds a day. The number has varied; at the maximum flow it averaged 1,000 immigrants a day. Does anyone know of any counteracting agencies here which can convert the most unpromising new aliens into Americans at that rate? This ratio would not affect the millions already here and not yet Americanized. Numbers do not make a nation strong. Only the character of its people can make it strong. Is it not time that we should abandon the delusion, which rejoiced but misled our fathers, that our principles were so beautiful and sound and just that even the untutored savage would adopt and practise them merely on knowing them? Principles cannot be improvised; they cannot be crammed as a boy is for his examination; they are the slow and steady fruit of trees that have had a long growth.

When the United States Government was formed under Washington, in 1789, its thirteen original States, although sprung from various strains of mostly Anglo-Saxon stock, and although jealously tenacious of their local rights and traditions, were nevertheless strongly united by the bonds of a common language and common ideals. And as the young nation grew, these things which they had in common strengthened their unity. The native Americans of that first generation realized that a continent of unlimited resources stretched to the west of them, but they needed, to develop their Eldorado, more man-power. Washington himself did not believe in throwing open the gates to everybody, but in selecting so as to secure only the best. As our possibilities became understood in Europe, the stream of immigration began to pour across the Atlantic. Vigorous men, alert men, adventurous even, sold their possessions in the old country and faced fortune in the new. Then the marvelous development of inventions redoubled the work of those already here and caused the need for more. Before the year 1850, the United States as far west as the Mississippi was staked out, if not actually settled, and the rapid extension of railways filled in the bare regions and joined the chief cities.

The need of soldiers in the Civil War slightly stimulated immigration in some sections, while in others it fell off. The pay the new-comers received was small, but large enough to allure men who could earn only the lowest wages in Western Europe. We must remember that roughly from this time on—taking the year 1870 as the point of departure—the immigrant came from a less and less desirable class. In the earlier years, the fact that a man was an immigrant presupposed that he had initiative, resolution, and other virtues which made him a desirable accession to a new country. But later the immigrants came less from Western Europe, and more from Southeastern Europe and Asia and were drawn from the least desirable strata of population. They had not succeeded at home, but they hoped that by some stroke of fortune they might succeed in the United States.

And now there entered another factor which tended to increase enormously the volume of immigration and to debase its quality. This factor was the steamship companies, which had no interest

in the kind of immigrants they brought over, but only in their number. In the course of a generation these companies transported cargoes of immigrants who numbered millions in the aggregate, and who could not be blamed if they were utterly ignorant of American ideals. Steamship companies combed Italy and Southeastern Europe for passengers. Stories of the sudden and wonderful enriching of the immigrants after a few months in America, were circulated with great effect. Posters were exhibited in remote Sicilian or Calabrian villages in which a ragged peasant might be seen embarking on the steamer at Naples, and, next year, driving down Fifth Avenue, New York, in his own limousine with a huge solitaire stud blazing on his shirtfront. Now undoubtedly many of the immigrants bettered themselves and the children and grandchildren of some of them are financially on a higher level than their relatives who did not come over. But what of America?

The prosperity of America is, and should be, the first consideration, but only recently have Congress and other official bodies which ought to guard the public health—and I mean not only physical health, but moral, intellectual and spiritual—paid attention to this work. “Big Business” proved as careless of higher issues as did the steamship companies. Not high minds or souls but “hands” were needed to construct a subway tunnel or a railroad, and “Big Business” contracted for them wherever they could be found and without inquiring into their fitness in any capacity except that of “hands”. But we found that even “hands” can exercise an unexpected influence on the communities where they are thrown. There were Socialists among them, and Anarchists, and all sorts of cranks. More ominous was the fact that many of them, coming from countries in which ideals very different from ours flourished, wished to spread and perpetuate those ideals. They naturally thought that our ways and principles and aims were wrong and bad. It was much easier to smash ours and to go on with theirs. This need not surprise us. In Russia, where Bolshevik and Soviet doctrines have run riot for three years, thirty million Russians have died, mostly of starvation. Here is a strange contradiction! A system by which, the Bolsheviks preach wealth can be acquired, is precisely the system

which destroys not only wealth but the inhabitants also. And so would it be, if any of these mad doctrines were able to get the upper hand in the United States.

Our immigration laws attempt to prevent the coming to our shores of all avowed Anarchists, criminals and other subversive elements. But with the best will in the world, and after taking what seemed to be extreme precautions, they have not succeeded in excluding these undesirables, nor will they ever do so until psychologists discover some means of finding out what a man is thinking and planning, while he refuses to speak or write his intentions. One must see how inadequate any hurried inspection, the best which can be afforded under present conditions by the Immigrant Bureau, must be for protecting the people of America from the swarms that pour in to mingle with it. What alienist would pretend in private practice that he could diagnose the insanity of a patient in a minute's inspection? Many forms of mental disease are very elusive or slow in manifesting themselves. And yet, if the inspector fails to discover the germs or the disease in some immigrant who hurries by, becomes a resident, marries and has a family, the immigrant may propagate insanity which would run through generations. This is no imaginary evil. The record of the Jukes family is too hideously plain. The tribe of Jukes continued for generations.

Doubtless more care is taken now than used to be taken to shut out immigrants whom insanity or loathsome contagious diseases would render a danger to our population. But any inspection which is limited to a minute or less for each case cannot be thorough. Indeed, it must seem a mockery to everyone who realizes how much is at stake. To make our inspection worthy of this great country and adequate to the need of safeguarding the health of the 110,000,000 persons here, is something that should be insisted on. One obvious means of securing proper examination would be to have the prospective emigrants examined by an American official at the American Consulate abroad from which the emigrant expects to sail. Then, if for any reason he is found unfit and denied a passport, he cannot make the voyage over here and either be turned back or succeed in sneaking his way past our immigration authorities. I remember sailing a

dozen years ago from a southern Mediterranean port. In the stateroom next to that occupied by my wife was placed an emigrant said to be sick, but after a few hours on the water he came to, and proved to be a homicidal maniac who tried to break out of his cabin and kept up shrieks and violence. When we neared Gibraltar, the poor maniac was drugged and was let over the side of the ship, half-naked as he had torn off most of his clothes, and was taken ashore. Had he been examined by an American official doctor at the Consulate he would not have been permitted to sail. It was notorious a few years ago that a certain European Government made a business of shipping its imbeciles and incompetents to the United States, choosing points of entrance where it found access easy. Assuming that now the personnel of the Immigration Bureau is perfect, and that there are no dishonest officials who connive at smuggling in improper aliens, I repeat that with the small force employed it is impossible to consider our inspection of immigrants as adequate.

We must not forget that our inspectors are obliged constantly to circumvent the attempts of friends of immigrants, who, for whatever reason, work for their admittance. Immigrants, who have come over here and taken root, naturally send for their families and friends to join them, and every deceit is practised, if they have defects which would disqualify them, to run them past the inspectors' scrutiny. A striking example of this occurred six or eight years ago when a man, who had succeeded in getting by the inspectors, sent for his family. When they arrived at the American port, the inspector discovered that they all had a loathsome disease. One of the boys was already blind and could not walk down the gang-plank to the wharf without falling down. They were all obviously disqualified from entering the country, and were condemned to deportation. But someone who belonged to their race created a great stir and the newspapers abetted him and tried to rouse the American people against the terrible cruelty of separating a husband from his wife, and a father from his children.

In dealing with immigrants, we must never forget that blood with them is thicker than water, and often determines their actions without respect to justice, or law, or even common sense. A few

months ago a Sinn Fein emissary came over as a stowaway, and the Sinn Feiners hailed the fact as an act of heroism and as a proof of great adroitness. For some reason which was not explained, he was not deported at once, he remained here unmolested as long as he chose, and for all I know may be lingering here still. Examples of this kind simply prove that many naturalized Americans care more for some other country than for the United States. This fact explains, but can never excuse, many of the evils that have sprung from dishonest immigration.

I have mentioned some of these considerations because they belong in any discussion of immigration. At the present moment, when the inrush of foreigners is temporarily checked, it behooves us to weigh the entire problem most seriously, so that we may be able to discover and formulate an immigration law which shall be informed by experience and adapted so far as we can foresee to the needs of the future.

Take first what is commonly called the "practical" side. Do we need more immigrants? To-day there are said to be nearly 3,000,000 persons out of work in the United States. Does any one pretend that we can go on being regarded as a sane people, if we add by immigration a million a year to the number of unemployed? The fact that we do not need new contingents of working men at present ought to make it much easier to establish a rational immigration system. What we need is that the laborers already here should *labor* and give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

As we are not seeking employees, we can fix the terms on which immigrants will be admitted to the country. Foremost among these terms is the consideration of health. We must agree to no provision so elastic that immigrants who may be a source of disease or a charge on the public may worm their way in. Danger from this quarter was never greater.

A few months ago, the former Commissioner, Mr. Wallis, stated before the Senate Immigration Committee that "Eastern Europe is in the grip of four epidemics—typhus, typhoid, dysentery and tuberculosis." It is from those countries that great caravans of miserable human beings are winding their slow march westward in the hope of reaching ports from which they can be taken

to the United States. In Russia, since the Bolshevik *régime* came into power four years ago, perhaps thirty million persons have died of starvation, massacre and hardships. The bodies of many of the victims of these horrors often lay for a long time unburied, thus increasing the sources of pestilence. Even in other parts of Europe, which escaped the worst suffering, the health of many of the survivors has been undermined. From two million to ten million Germans are said to be waiting to emigrate to the United States as soon as they can find passage. Numerically, no single invasion of the ancient Barbarians into the Roman world could compare with this. Why should the United States accept the handicap of inferior candidates of whatever race for American citizenship? Why should it willingly assume the post of lazaret of the world? In ordinary life, if a child has scarlet fever, or diphtheria, or smallpox, it is carefully isolated for its own good, and for the good of any who might run the risk of infection by it. By what argument, either moral or medical, therefore, should the United States assume the responsibility of caring for the suffering, and curing, if it can, the derelicts and diseased of Europe and of Asia?

American sentimentalists, who have been from the start very serious obstacles to any rational solution of the immigration problem, will assuredly cry out: "If the peoples of devastated Europe need a refuge, we must take them in, no matter whether they have typhus or any other disease, however repellent, and however destructive of the community. Our duty is to succor to-day those who are in distress, no matter what the future may require."

To the appeals of sentimentalism such as this I have seen no answer more rational and cogent than that of Professor Robert DeC. Ward, one of the most far-sighted experts on immigration whom I know of. He says:

The indiscriminate kindness which we may seem to be able to show to the coming millions of European or Asiatic immigrants can in no conceivable way counterbalance the harm that these people may do to our race, especially if large numbers of them are mentally and physically unfit. Indiscriminate hospitality to immigrants is a supremely short-sighted, selfish, ungenerous, un-American policy. It may give some of us, for the moment, a comfortable feeling that we are providing a "refuge for the oppressed". But that is as narrow a state of mind as that which indiscriminately gives alms to any person on the

street who asks for money. Such "charity" may, truly, produce a warm feeling of personal generosity in the giver himself. But almsgiving of this sort does more harm than good. It is likely to pauperize him who receives, and it inevitably increases the burden of pauperism which future generations will have to bear. . . . Our policy of admitting freely practically all who have wished to come, and of encouraging them in every possible way to come, has not only tremendously complicated all our own national problems but has not helped the introduction of political, social, economic and educational reforms abroad. Indeed, it has rather delayed the progress of these very movements in which we, as Americans, are so vitally interested. Had the millions of immigrants who have come to us within the last quarter-century remained at home, they would have insisted on the introduction of reforms in their own countries which have been delayed, decade after decade, because the discontent of Europe found a safety-valve by flying to America. . . . Our duty as Americans, interested in the world-wide progress of education, of religious liberty, of democratic institutions, is to do everything in our power to preserve our own institutions intact, and at the same time to help the discontented millions of Europe and of Asia to stay in their own countries; to shoulder their own responsibilities; to work out there, for themselves, what our own forefathers worked out here, for us and for our children.

It is evident that in order to meet our national needs Congress must prepare an immigration law providing greater restriction and a more rational plan. The present law, for instance, bases the admission of immigrants upon percentages, each race or nationality being entitled to a certain proportion of the total number of persons belonging to that nationality already in the United States. One obvious defect in this rule is that it does not cover the total number of *naturalized* members of the given nationality.

All attempts to distribute immigrants according to certain localities have thus far failed. It was supposed, for instance, that peasants from agricultural districts would prefer to settle in agricultural districts here, but they did not. Nearly twenty years ago Baron Mayor des Planches, the open-minded Italian Ambassador to this country, hoped that by planting colonies of Italians in some of our Southern States, he might find conditions which would be favorable to the colonists, who might even, in some districts, replace the negroes; but the facts contradicted his benevolent dream.

One further element of the problem should never be lost sight

of: that is, the assimilability of the races from which immigrants spring. This can never be determined by theory. We thought for a long time that one class of our immigrants were most desirable, because they seemed most easy of assimilation. The recent war undeceived us. It showed us that we had millions in the United States who had never been affected or modified by what we regard as essential Anglo-Saxon ideals of Liberty and Democracy.

The immigration problem can never be settled wisely and justly unless it be settled by those who have a vision of what the United States stands for. The United States will cease to be the land of opportunity unless we preserve unsullied and undiminished the ideals by which, and on which, this Republic was created. The foreigner who hopes by plotting to win advantage for his creed over here, though he were twenty times naturalized, would remain a foreigner. He who seeks to involve the American States in the political or religious quarrels of the country from which he came is no American; he is a traitor of the baser sort. That citizen who would use his country for his private gain deserves to be uncitizenized. No true American will consent to the admission to our country of foreigners who will lower its standard in health, in morals, in intelligence, or in patriotism. Until we realize that we have inherited a sacred trust and that we must preserve it sacredly, we too are but imperfect Americans.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

DEMOCRATIC FORCES IN RUSSIA

BY MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY

Now that the Bolshevik experiment in Russia, according to the confession of the experimenters themselves, has broken down, it is of importance to ask if there are forces in Russia outside of the Bolshevik ranks upon whom we may base our hopes of a reconstruction of the national life. By this I do not mean what are the chances of a political revolution against the Bolshevik *régime*, but what are the capacities of the Russian people for real self-rule as distinguished from the autocracy of Czarism on the one hand and the autocracy of Bolshevism on the other.

The question is important because of the nature of the propaganda directed against the Russian people by their present masters through the medium of distinguished "observers" from abroad. When the legend of Bolshevik progress and Bolshevik democracy had been pretty well shattered, when the misery of the Russian people under Bolshevik rule could no longer be concealed, the rulers at Moscow bethought themselves of a new defense. Bad as conditions were in Russia, ran the argument, they would be worse if not for the Bolshevik control. True though it was that Bolshevism was not a democracy but a dictatorship, this dictatorship was the only thing that stood between the Russian people and utter dissolution. In other words the Russian people cannot take care of itself. It is predestined for despotism.

Perhaps with the best intentions in the world, men like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bertrand Russell lent themselves to this slander against the Russian people. Mr. Wells felt that for Russia it must be either the Bolsheviks or a relapse into Asiatic barbarism. Mr. Russell felt that the Bolsheviks were needed to "energize" a naturally slothful and unenterprising population. No apologist for Czarism in the old days stressed so emphatically the traditional stupidity, ignorance, and brute fatalism of the *mujik*. In order to justify the Bolshevik experiment these

foreign observers deemed it necessary to popularize the picture of the Russian peasant as a sub-human being who must be saved against himself from famine, typhus, idleness, illiteracy and general degradation.

If this were true, then indeed there would be only reason for regretting the obvious breakdown of the Bolshevik system. But the findings of men like Russell and Wells are far from the truth. They approached their task in deep ignorance of Russian history, of the life and aspirations of the Russian peasantry, and, an important item, of the Russian language. Why, under such handicaps, they should have proceeded to analyze the aspirations and capacities of the Russian people with such enthusiasm is rather curious, but perhaps no longer important. What is important is that from Bolshevik sources now comes a sharp refutation of Wells and Russell.

Coupled with the now famous phrases regarding the reëstablishment of capitalism there has been coming out of Moscow with great frequency another term, "decentralization". The reins of the bureaucracy are being loosened. The Bolshevik rulers are finding that after all the Russian people have capacities for self-management. There is much testimony from newspaper correspondents now in Russia that wherever outside of Moscow and Petrograd the dead hand has been lifted from local initiative, the Russian people are displaying energy and resourcefulness in coping with the miseries of famine and economic dissolution, whereas Moscow and Petrograd "are worse governed than one would suppose possible".

Under these circumstances I think it will be of service to go back a few years into the history of the Russian people, and to cast a glance over certain pre-Bolshevik popular institutions from which one will derive a truer picture of Russia's capacity for democracy and progress than Mr. Wells was able to obtain in the course of his ten days' visit to Moscow; institutions such as the Mir or village commune, the Zemstvo, and the Coöperatives. These have suffered under the Bolshevik *régime*. But they are destined to play their part in the reconstruction of the country.

"What the Mir has settled is God's own judgment," is a common proverb among peasants. And before the Bolsheviki seized

control it was also an accurate expression of the power of the Mir. If asked to define the Mir a peasant would be likely to reply, "All for one and one for all, that is the Mir." Could any statement convey a higher sense of authority than the first adage, or a higher degree of fraternity than the second? The Mir reaches back into the time of serfdom, when the serfs of each household cultivated in common the land assigned to them for their use. Under the direction of the elected elders of the Mir, the peasants ventured to assert themselves against the landowner. If the master so willed, they were all flogged, but they held together.

Abolition of serfdom in 1861 did not change greatly the peasant mode of life. The Act of Emancipation, in giving legal status to the Mir, was mindful of the government's interest in the business. It made sure of the peasants' paying the heavy redemption taxes for the land they received by making the Mir responsible for the taxes of every member. This made the Mir even more a unit than it was before emancipation. The Act of Emancipation forbade any peasant to withdraw from the Mir without the consent of three-fourths of the members. To be sure, the Mir would not have endured if the reason for its existence had been the collection of taxes only. The Mir was cemented by the poverty of the peasants. General destitution, for example, made the individual ownership of agricultural implements impossible.

But whatever the special condition that helped to perpetuate the Mir, it is certain that its roots were deep in the native life. Its solidarity was basic. Even the unwelcome tax-collector learned after awhile to take a warning from the familiar adage, "If the Mir gives a whoop, the forest will groan and bend."

The Mir was the only truly agrarian institution in Russia. Unlike the Soviet, it was not political. It had to do with the business of the soil only. In a meeting of the Mir only the peasants belonging to the commune participated. Each person present was familiar with the soil and the needs of the village. Dictators or Commissars were unknown, and the will of the majority was supreme. Mutual intercourse and good understanding formed a bond among the peasants. Economic necessity, the common need of the communal resources, of implements and other agricultural accessories, held them together as nothing else could.

The story of agrarian reforms from the year 1905 to 1912 furnishes an excellent illustration of the deep-rooted nature of the rural commune. Revolutionary propaganda had made the Mir unpopular in Government circles. Nicholas II became anxious concerning the familiar argument of the Socialist Revolutionists, that the Mir is the cornerstone of Socialism in Russia. A serious attempt was made by the Government to break up the solidarity of the Mir. This was arrested by the World War. Absolute need of collective effort among the Allies everywhere and the shortage of agricultural supplies in Russia helped to strengthen peasant faith in the communal principle. There arose, as a result of the war, a special scarcity of agricultural necessities in Russia. The maintenance of production was made possible because of the collective ownership of the Mir. Through careful distribution, each peasant taking his turn, every implement was made to do the work that would have engaged many machines under individual ownership.

Then came the Bolshevik revolution and destroyed the communal solidarity of the Mir. Agrarian Russia was not ready for private ownership. Lenin, the Communist, accomplished that which the autocracy of Nicholas II desired but did not know how to effect. He was not preoccupied with the peasant. Autocrat of a proletarian republic, his real mission was to eradicate the bourgeoisie, socialize industrial Russia, and bring about a world revolution. He was not concerned with the land issue. But the peasants clamored for attention, and to keep them quiet while Lenin was attending to the real business of the State, the Bolsheviks threw the land to them.

The peasants proceeded to do as they liked. It was a scramble. Peasants who had land adjoining a large estate dislodged the owner and divided the land and agricultural supplies, not among the villagers of the Mir, but among the few peasants whose land happened to be nearest to the estate. Peasants whose allotments were situated in a remote part of the village had nothing to grab. These became, as a result of the loss in communal tools and supplies, poorer than they were before the Bolsheviks got into power. The Bolsheviks made no effort to meet the requirements of the impoverished peasants or to appease the strife in the village

which their failure to socialize the land or, at least, to effect an equitable distribution, created.

Through the collapse of industrial life in the cities, the Bolsheviks further separated the peasant from his chances of a livelihood. The Russian winter is long. Formerly a vast number of the poorer peasants were in the habit of adding to their meagre earnings by finding employment in the cities. But complete prostration of industrial Russia as a result of Bolshevik rule deprived the peasant of the opportunity of winter employment. Thus, the lack of manufactured goods was not the only hardship which the collapse of the city industries brought upon the poor peasant. It also deprived him of remunerative work without which he could not hope to secure agricultural tools or keep his family fed. Those peasants who gained little or nothing from the division of the land suffered greatly from the loss of the communal supplies and the lack of opportunity to eke out their budget by winter earnings.

The presence of Lenin's "poorer peasantry" in the village became another source of irritation to the peasants. Lenin's "poorer peasantry" consisted of those who, taking advantage of the conditions created by the reforms of the years 1905-1912, sold their land, withdrew from the Mir, and lost their money either through misfortune or drink. In order to gain a livelihood these peasants were compelled to return to the village. They were forced to become agricultural wage workers. As such they came under the patronage of Lenin. Out of these were organized the village soviets as well as the famous "Committees of the Poor". The business of the Committees of the Poor was to secure forced requisitions of food. These *bosaki* (tramps, as they are commonly called by the peasants) terrorized poor and prosperous peasants alike and earned the hatred of both. The peasants would have submitted to any plan for the distribution of food that was put forth by the Mir or village. But they refused to take orders from above.

The presence of the poorer peasantry in the village in the form of Bolshevik pillars of society became a permanent cause of civil war. In order to assert themselves they had to be more vicious and arbitrary than the servants of Nicholas II ever dared to be.

But it must be admitted that they did not find the peasant an easy prey. We learn from some of the Bolshevik official reports that the peasants did not hesitate occasionally to bury alive a particularly obnoxious Commissar. These reports were of course not meant to be taken as indictments of Bolshevik management in rural Russia. They were intended to convey the difficulty of communizing the peasants. But they offer a real glimpse into village life under Bolshevism until Lenin experienced a change of heart and abandoned his "Committees of the Poor" and his entire programme of civil war in the village.

There are other difficulties that beset the peasants who secured possession of the land. Their most serious discontent arose from the very method of acquisition. After the first proud flush of ownership disappeared they began to doubt their right to the land. Having no confidence in the Soviet Government, they besought the previous owners to come to some settlement. The peasants were even willing to pay the ejected landowner for a formal statement to the effect that the land was really theirs. Unwilling to commit themselves, the expelled owners insisted that the land was no longer theirs to give. To this the peasants replied that they had no faith in Bolshevik-made laws. Thus the peasants are still uncertain as to their title to the land and they hold the Bolsheviks accountable for this condition.

Aside from the question of ownership, the peasants have been unable to derive any gain from their new holdings. They have neither the implements, seeds or fertilizers with which to make their holdings really profitable. As a consequence of Bolshevik confusion and incompetence even those peasants who acquired more land have derived much less profit from their considerable acquisitions than they did from the trivial grants received under the reforms of 1905-1912. At that time, with the aid and sympathy of the Zemstvos and Coöperatives, the peasants proceeded to exploit these small gains in land. One can scarcely recall a period in Russian history when the agrarian population was more energetic or hopeful. This newly awakened consciousness in the peasant was reflected in the spread of education and in the improved agricultural and industrial life in the village. That was under the Czar. As things stand to-day, Bolshevik failure

to socialize the land has crippled the Mir, forced private ownership in the village, and so created an army of poor peasants whose only hope of relief can come from a reconsideration of the entire land question. Had the land been distributed according to the recommendations of the commission created by the Provisional Government of Kerensky and made legal by the Constituent Assembly, each peasant would have received his right allotment of land and with the aid of the communal resources of the Mir would have put it to the best use.

The dissolution of the Zemstvos or provincial assemblies had the same crushing effect upon the nation that the breaking up of the Mir had upon the village. The Zemstvos were the lineal descendants of the Assemblies of the Nobles created by Catherine II. The emancipation of the serfs in 1861 and the legal organization of the Mir destroyed the nobles' monopoly of representation in the assemblies. In the Zemstvos, as created in 1864, three distinct classes were gathered—the nobles, the peasants or members of the Mir, and the town merchants, or urban property owners. Henceforth the peasants sat and deliberated with the nobles and so touched shoulders with their former masters. The Zemstvos were meant to unite the three classes, not to eradicate them, so as to form a body of national welfare. As such they fully justified their existence.

The Zemstvos first directed their attention towards the improvement of roads and rural conditions generally. In time their activities took on a broader aspect, but up to their dissolution by the Bolsheviki they never lost sight of the needs of the agricultural population. Under the autocracy, especially during the last twenty years, every civic improvement and progressive measure was sponsored and fought for by the Zemstvos. With the exception of the Mir there was not an institution in Russia which was more respected or readily supported by the people. Apart from their interest in good roads and other improvements in the village, they introduced fire insurance into rural Russia, and so relieved the peasant of one of his worst burdens. They levied and regulated taxes, encouraged and maintained public charities, and nominated the justices of peace. But whatever their success in these important spheres it cannot be compared

with their two most notable achievements: education and public health.

To understand the importance of the Zemstvo medical service it is not enough to visualize the significance of our own departments of public health. Whereas in this country every effort in this field has been aided and sustained by the Government, in Russia it was quite the contrary. The autocracy gave little attention and still less money to the public health or medical institutions. So until the Zemstvos began to apply themselves seriously to the problem, doctors or drug stores were practically non-existent in rural Russia. That is, 85 per cent of the population of 120,000,000 souls were dependent on quacks or home remedies. It must not be assumed that the Zemstvos at any time succeeded in keeping pace with the vast demand. As late as 1910, according to a statement by Dr. Julius Halpern in *The Quarterly* of the Federation of States Medical Board of the United States, there was in Russia only one man and woman physician for every 1,500 town residents and 24,700 rural inhabitants.

Physicians however are not the only medical practitioners in Russia. The bulk of medical relief, health education and enforcement of sanitation was carried on by the *feldsher*, and nearly always by the Zemstvo *feldsher*, who can be described as a Zemstvo creation. He is, according to Dr. Halpern, "a cross between our nurse and junior house staff." The requirements for entrance into the *feldsher* schools varied from four years of high school to a complete course which is eight years. But sometimes the more able students of the elementary schools were admitted. For women the standard was higher. The training of this auxiliary medical staff was at the expense of the Zemstvos. A student who completed a four-year course at the Zemstvo school or other school which included three years of Latin, general education and medical instruction, received the degree of *feldsher*. In 1911 there were in Russia 26,184 *feldshers*. Of these 16,392 practiced in rural districts. They were associated with the central county hospitals or the small hospitals in the precincts. No detailed account of the varied activities and enormous usefulness of these men and women is possible. Dr. Halpern maintains that "there is nowhere in Russia, nor for that matter in the world,

a class of more devoted, hard-working, self-sacrificing, altruistic and public-spirited people than the Russian medical men and women, especially the Zemstvo medical workers. They are the truest friends and advisers of the people in the vast Russian backwoods."

To the American reader Dr. Halpern's statement, though authoritative, might seem somewhat partial. But a Russian familiar with the work of the Zemstvo physician or *feldsher* cannot conceive rural Russia without them. To appreciate their services to the masses one must visualize a Russian village during the winter. Buried in snow, nearly every hut contains a patient. A visit to any village would reveal the Zemstvo *feldsher* plodding through the snow either in a sleigh or on foot, in the most bitter cold, bent upon service. At the bedside of a patient no duty was too humiliating or disagreeable. He did the work of an orderly whenever it was necessary, and was the source of continual information for the peasant woman in her special problems. In an emergency or serious illness the people could turn to the Zemstvo practitioner at any hour of the night. He was humble in service. He was forever on the alert for transient or visiting physicians. A physician who happened to make a one-night stop in a village, on a visit to friends or relatives, scarcely ever escaped the zeal of the Zemstvo *feldsher*, who was immediately on his trail. Together they would visit the more serious cases in the district. This passionate devotion to duty and ever readiness to serve was the normal characteristic of the Russian medical practitioner.

This is the institution which collapsed as a result of the dissolution of the Zemstvos. And here again the Bolshevik skill of destruction was thorough. Mr. H. G. Wells and others have told us of the miserable plight of the Russian men of science. But we have still to learn the effect of Bolshevik humanity and enlightenment upon the great body of Russia's rural intellectual leaders and upon the health service of the country. Bolshevik Russia is indeed in need of drugs. But the lack of foreign drugs is not the only cause of her deplorable health conditions. First war and then the devastating work of the Bolsheviks among the Zemstvo health and medical centres are the real reasons. We

have heard much concerning Bolshevik socialization, education, drama, art, etc., but nothing about what they have done to public health. Not daring to reveal the deplorable effect of their policy they discuss only the blockade and the resultant lack of drug imports. The peasant knows better.

The Soviet rulers have fascinated well-meaning foreign visitors with the story of their new educational experiments. Much has been said about the Commissar of Education, Lunacharsky, and his proletarian version of *Faust*, as if the right interpretation of *Faust* was all that the Russian people needed in their struggle for knowledge. It has escaped the general public that under these picturesque experiments of the Bolsheviks lie buried the aspirations of the Russian people towards universal elementary education. Whatever comfort the Soviet press or sympathizers can derive from their elaborate educational tracts, these mean nothing to the Russian people. In this as in all their repressive measures the Bolsheviks are not original. They were anticipated by the Romanoffs. Nicholas II and his kin before him, like the Bolsheviks, had records of hundreds of schools which on investigation were found to be on paper only. This may be news to the foreigner but it is common knowledge among Russians, especially among the peasants.

Russians are not enthusiastic over the Bolshevik educational innovations because they conceal the real issue—the Bolshevik failure to introduce compulsory elementary education. The progress made by the Zemstvos and other civic organizations during the last twenty years indicated that even had Nicholas II continued in power, the people would have soon reached the objective of a general system of elementary instruction. In education as in health the Zemstvos were the most energetic workers in the country. Their struggle against illiteracy is one of the most inspiring chapters in Russian history. Harassed continually by the antagonistic attitude of the Czarist Government, impeded by the sectarian efforts of the poverty-stricken clergy, the Zemstvos kept rigidly to their task. The results of their persistent efforts can best be illustrated by the following figures:

In 1880 only 8 per cent of all the children between the ages of eight and fourteen attended school. As a result of the untiring

work of the Zemstvos as well as other mass organizations, but notably the Zemstvos, the rate of attendance in 1911 mounted to 44 per cent and three years later it reached 51 per cent. The educational budget under the autocracy furnishes another example of the peasants' yearning for elementary schools. In 1900 the entire expenditure for elementary education was about 50 million rubles, of which the government supplied only 10.3 millions. On the other hand, the Zemstvos contributed 11.4 millions; village associations 8.3 millions; cities 6.9 millions; private individuals 6.7 millions; and tuition fees 3.1 millions. In reading these figures one must bear in mind the poverty of the Russian village. The Zemstvo provinces have always led in education. In 1898 the number of army recruits from Zemstvo districts who could read and write was 59 per cent, whereas literacy in non-Zemstvo provinces was only 36.3 per cent. During the twenty years from 1878 to 1898 literacy in Zemstvo provinces increased threefold, while in non-Zemstvo regions it had less than doubled.

This is the work of education and these are the organs of popular upliftment that were undone when the Bolsheviki destroyed the Zemstvos.

The eradication of the Mir and the Zemstvos is not the only offense for which the Russian masses hold the Bolsheviki accountable. The Bolshevik passion for destruction has been thorough. It has not spared the most potent factor in Russia's economic life next after the tilling of the soil itself. The Bolsheviki attempted to destroy the coöperative societies. There is no need to write of the Coöperatives at great length because on this subject the American public has been well and copiously instructed of late.

In Russia, before the Bolshevik hurricane struck her, everything pointed towards the triumph of the principle of coöperation. The advent of the Bolsheviki found more than half of the enormous population organized in some form of consumers', producers' or credit associations. In 1917, there were 20,000 consumers' societies and 8,020 village coöperative societies as against only 522 urban coöperatives. Again it is demonstrated that the peasant had kept pace with the city worker in his communal

interests. The rapid development of the consumers' societies in the village stimulated the establishment of credit associations. There were two coöperative credit associations in Russia. The Loan and Saving societies were more popular among small trades people because every borrower was required to be also a subscriber. But the Credit Associations, on the other hand, did not require any subscription and were for that reason more prevalent among the peasants. In 1916 there were in Russia 11,768 of these credit associations and 4,239 loan saving societies with a membership of 10,000,000 householders. Apart from advancing money and receiving deposits the credit associations acted also as purchasing agencies. The members contributed 470,000,000 rubles to their aggregate capital of 800,000,000.

But these were not the only coöperative organizations in Russia which the Bolsheviki set out to destroy. They demolished such national institutions as the Union of Coöperative Credit Societies, the Union of Coöperative Consumers' Societies, and the Union of Coöperative Wholesale Societies. The last named was concerned with the supply of agricultural and other implements and the finding of markets for agricultural and manufactured products. These organizations were centred in the Moscow Marodny Bank (People's Bank) in which 85 per cent of the 4,000 shareholders were the coöperative societies. According to J. V. Bubnoff, "the leaders of these societies were mostly peasants, sometimes illiterate, who had the assistance of a bookkeeper." These mass organizations have been the very arteries of agricultural productivity and industrial endeavor. Their dissolution was to complete the Bolshevik scheme of national disintegration. But before the destruction of the coöperatives could be effected, the present Bolshevik change of heart had set in.

Such is a brief survey of mass effort for economic and social progress in Russia to which it will be useful to turn in following up the liquidation of Bolshevism and in speculating on the permanent future of the Russian people.

MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY.

NEW PROSPECTS FOR AMERICAN CAPITAL—II

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

IN what way do the changes wrought by the Great War concern the investment of capital? In a former article I have endeavored to show that funds for investment will largely exceed normal savings during the next quarter to half-century. The total excess above normal which will come into the market during the period will probably exceed thirty-five billion dollars. If this enormous accumulation is to be utilized in a permanently beneficial way and is not to be squandered in fruitless undertakings, it will be necessary to alter radically the investing habits of the country, to educate the investor to an understanding of the new times and changed conditions, and, if possible, to guide the flow of capital into those lines which will work out to the greatest national profit.

There are six major fields for investment capital. The first to consider is foreign properties. By this I mean not securities indicating indebtedness, but actual ownerships, which by their nature have no term, though they may be bought and sold. The capitalists of this country may extend their control over the natural resources of foreign lands, particularly the unsettled regions susceptible to exploitation. They may secure concessions for railroads. They may erect engineering works, such as hydro-electric plants, for foreign countries requiring facilities but lacking capital. They may establish branches of American commercial and industrial institutions in other countries. They may even interest themselves in foreign industries. Doubtless much of this form of investment will take place. It is the channel into which England has directed her surplus capital through her favorable balance of trade in the past. But it must be noted that eventually income derived from these sources more than offsets

the annual export of capital entering this channel. England to-day has an amount of income from foreign investments sufficient to induce and to aid in accounting for an adverse trade balance.

There are many differences in the situation of England and America which make this a much less probable major field of investment for us. The British Empire is a support and an inducement to the exportation of capital. The Britisher is always within reach of his own Government. He has bases of operation in all parts of the world. Moreover, the very factors which have made the British a colonizing people, the limited size and resources of the "tight little isle", and the custom of primogeniture, have made it a national necessity to seek an outlet for their industrial energy and their surplus capital elsewhere. The development of England's world interests has been attended with wars of conquest, with methods of peaceful penetration, and with the active support of so-called "dollar diplomacy" even in lands of independent sovereignty. As we have found in Mexico, international ownerships bring entanglements that are involved neither in international loans nor in international trade. Since the necessity for foreign outlets for overflow capital and the facilities for this expansion provided by a world-wide empire do not exist in our case, and since the temper of our independent democracy seems opposed to the type of foreign relations that are a condition of this development, it is an open question whether American capital will seek extensive employment outside our borders. With the single exception of the ownership of natural resources, an inherent tendency of the great manufacturing corporations, which desire to control their own supplies of raw material, I doubt if the amount of ownerships acquired will, over a period of years, be an important factor in countering the payments due us.

The second outlet for capital lies in the purchase of foreign obligations, either for the purpose of funding new current commitments for purchases made here, or for refunding old debts. Issues of such securities have already been made upon a very large scale. Yet they have left unfunded a debt which probably exceeds all of the funded debts now in the hands of private owners. The drain upon such sources of private investment capital as are pre-

pared to enter foreign fields merely to fund for the time being the credits now extended by banks will be so great that it is a grave question whether any further extension of capital credits can be secured to cover temporarily the favorable trade balances that are still being created from day to day. It was the plan of those favoring the Edge law banks to finance further exports to Europe through bonds sold to the investor. Yet this fell through largely because it was perceived that it would merely build up further the topheavy balances owing us; did not contemplate, I believe, relieving the banking system of its large volume of almost frozen loans based upon commitments of foreign purchasers; and would only have served to enhance the problem which must eventually be faced, of receiving our payments in goods or placing in practically permanent form an international indebtedness which will be far larger than any hitherto known. Whatever we do now to finance a favorable balance of trade will to a large extent eventually increase our unfavorable balance of trade.

France has been a typical instance of an international banker of this variety. The French investor is legion. He is the petty bourgeois and the peasant as well as the capitalist. He invests through and upon the advice of his local banker. In the aggregate the funds accruing from these small individual sources are very large. But it is a matter of common knowledge in France that the direction which these funds have taken has not been entirely due to the choice and opinion of the individual investor, nor of his banker.

It is suggested that the inducement of buying the bonds of certain foreign governments on the basis of a high yield and placing them in the always receptive French market at its customary low rate, was so profitable that strong influence was brought to bear to assist in these foreign negotiations to the detriment of the needs for capital of local French institutions. Whether that is true or not, it is extraordinary that France should, to such a large degree, have lent, not used, its own surplus capital. And there is no similarity between the condition which has made it possible and the condition of vital and energetic development of indigenous industry which has been the characteristic of American finance.

Undoubtedly a large investment market for foreign bonds, government, municipal and private, has sprung into life during the war. And undoubtedly it will continue permanently as a large element in the investment field. Nevertheless, it is hopeless to try permanently to cover a balance of trade of fifteen to twenty billion dollars by this means. If this form of investment absorbs the renewals of existing foreign loans in the hands of individual investors it will do all that can reasonably be expected of it. It is at best but a small scale factor.

The third outlet for capital is our national plant for the production of goods—our own industrial machinery. During the war there has been poured into this plant vast quantities of new capital. Its capacity in many lines is far beyond the present demand, perhaps even beyond the peak demand of 1920. And it is now faced with totally new conditions. If I have proved that we must expect of necessity an adverse balance of trade, then in the aggregate our industrial plant will not need to meet even our own requirements, much less supply an exportable surplus. True, in many lines in which we are preëminent either by reason of natural advantages or greater efficiency, we should continue to be able to produce a surplus for export. But this in turn will correspondingly diminish the home outlet for other goods in which we must accept imports to balance these exports as well as the payments on indebtedness.

The fundamental test to be made upon all new capital issues for industrial purposes in the near future should be whether the line of manufacture is one in which we can naturally compete in world markets under adverse exchange conditions. If it is not, and the product is susceptible of international trading, then it will be in scarcely better position to compete in home markets. Perhaps appropriations of capital for increasing efficiency and lowering cost of production may pay and justify themselves by changing the position of the product in the market. But it is hardly possible that facilities which merely increase the output of such products will be profitable.

Tariff meddling will radically alter the positions of different lines of production in this respect. But what it does to help one or more lines will of necessity hinder others to an equivalent de-

gree. If we do not import so much of those articles which it is natural for us to import, we shall export less or import more of those which it is unnatural for us to import, or which we normally export. Therefore, the investor must take careful account of the indirect as well as the direct effect of our protective tariff schedules. Under the new conditions our strong industries will suffer for whatever protection is given the weak ones.

There may be a question in the minds of some as to whether Europe will ever again be in position to undersell us because of lower cost of production. To them I bring this consideration: In the long run it is evident that the economic pressure upon the peoples of Europe who have depended upon the exchange of their manufactured goods for foreign food supplies will, through sheer inability to feed their people otherwise, force a lower standard of living and the synonymous low wage scale. This will create a condition in which with present facilities they can and will undersell us in lines where labor is the principal element of the cost of production. Gradually the extraordinary pressure of competition for food will be relieved by emigration and a lowered birth rate. But all social forces, encouraged by modern doctrine, will be striving for relief from this pressure and will doubtless have the effect of giving to labor a larger and to capital a smaller share of the return than is normal. This will result in reduced accumulation of capital which will cause Europe to hang behind us in the process of the development of industrial efficiency and the substitution of machinery for men in industry, which can only be accomplished by new increments of capital. Our own policy should then be to meet this temporary but weakening competition with capital expenditures looking toward lowered costs of production. The tendency will be for America to make progress and for Europe to retrograde in the field of industrial efficiency and mechanization.

The fourth outlet for capital is in agriculture and the production of raw materials. It is a new phenomenon in the industrial age of the world that the country which is greatest in manufactures should also be so nearly self-sufficient as regards its food supply and its basic raw materials. And for this reason there is no precedent by which to foretell the character of our further

economic development. The sudden growth of the population of Europe during the nineteenth century, when England's people increased fourfold, Germany's threefold and the population of the continent as a whole doubled, was made possible by the settlement, principally by emigrants, of huge new food and material producing areas in other parts of the world. This settlement and the coincident improvement and cheapening of methods of transportation provided at one and the same time a source of food and materials to support this vast additional home population and a new and greater market among the colonists for the manufactured product. Agriculturally, Europe was no longer self-supporting. In England there was an actual decline in agricultural output largely due to the competition of cheaper and more fertile land.

The origin of our huge modern international trade lay in the conversion of nearly all Western Europe into the classic economist's "town", producing goods for and living upon the surrounding "country"—the rest of the world.

That time is past. The "country" is developing its own "towns". It is rapidly becoming self-sufficient. The newly settled agricultural areas are bringing in their wake industrial cities. And in this change the United States is merely the first to arrive at a stage of self-sufficiency. Everywhere the change is in progress. Perhaps, or probably, this means that the days of great international trade in food versus manufactures may be drawing to a close; that as each new land develops its industry, each old land must revive its agriculture. At any rate, the development of Europe's international trade is no criterion to us who require little or no food and only certain materials. We cannot sell abroad unless we buy abroad at least to an equal extent. But must we take food which we do not need in trade for manufactured products because Europe has done so?

The line of division between the agricultural interests and the industrial interests of this country will be sharply drawn during the next few decades. Without governmental interference certain staple goods in which we have no advantage will tend to enter largely into our imports to equalize exports of manufactured products and raw materials in which we do have an advantage. This was the process that crippled England's agriculture. It threat-

ens here. But the great political power of our agricultural interests and perhaps a general sense of national welfare may encourage the powers that be to reverse the old rule and give protection to agriculture while withdrawing it from industry. It would be futile to try to give it to both. If this is done the price level for foods in this country will be higher than elsewhere and our agricultural output will sooner than otherwise arrive at the point where there is no exportable surplus. For there would naturally be a change in the character of our crops to effect a curtailment of those in which the surplus would need to be "dumped". But in other respects such a policy will serve merely to maintain agriculture in the *status quo*, and the most fertile source of the farmer's profits, speculation in the price of land, will as a result be largely eliminated.

Even should the protection which is now promised not materialize, we should not be apt to see a rapid decline in agriculture. It would be a slow process, coming about only as our virgin soils became exhausted below the fertility of the poorest of those foreign areas which are required to complete the food supply of the world. Then, too, there is always some margin due to the cost of transportation, though wheat was moved from Chicago to Liverpool in 1905 for only 9.7 cents a bushel. And there is some advantage accruing to our farmers in superior technique and skill. Scientific farming, inventiveness in labor-saving machinery and a comparatively ample supply of capital may keep our farmer in a position where he can compete at least in our home markets in spite of the pressure to import his products.

It is obvious from these considerations that agriculture will be at a natural disadvantage; that merely to retain its modicum of prosperity may require protection; and that in the future it will be a far less attractive field for investment than it has been in the past.

I have treated of these five fields of investment merely to show that while they will undoubtedly continue to absorb large quantities of new capital, conditions in the near future will be far less favorable to them than they have been in the recent past. Foreign investments will be induced, it is true. But they are not likely to absorb a great portion of our annual increment of new

capital. And if through force of habit this increment flows into the channels of general industry and agriculture, it will not be likely to yield a return either satisfactory to the individual or conducive to national prosperity.

But there are two other fields to which I wish to direct special attention, for they seem, under the new conditions, to be the ideal types of investment.

Of these the first is the production of new commodities or means for the satisfaction of new human wants; devices attainable to the generality of men, for which the market will be additional to all present demand. Instead of devoting the increase of manufacturing energy to competing for the limited demand for old products, instead of pouring more goods into already saturated markets, it is quite possible to develop additions to the standard of living for which a new demand will spring up. We have already done much of this. The automobile, the phonograph, the moving picture and the sewing machine are examples which come to mind. These articles were not to any large degree replacements. They were new products. Their development has caused concern among those who conceived them as evidences of national extravagance. They did not perceive that the creation of anything that is wanted creates at the same time the purchasing power to pay for it. Surplus economic energy can find no better employment than in addition to the equipment of the consumer. If part of our population can make enough of the natural home commodities to supply all of us and maintain our desirable exports, then the rest can much better contribute new articles to the general welfare than either to over-produce in lines already saturated, or attempt to provide those things which the rest of the world is ready to give us in payment for our exports and their debt.

Material progress is associated with an improving standard of living and the goal is a happier and more progressive people. Mere quantity of production—mere productivity—is an outworn fetish. New kinds of production, the development and exploitation of new inventions, should be encouraged and receive more general financial backing. If successful, these ventures are always the most profitable. One feels that he is not talking into deaf ears when he preaches this doctrine to Americans.

The last field of investment is decidedly the largest of all and is the one *par excellence* which under present conditions should receive the great bulk of new capital. This is the fixed capital devoted to the production of services to our people as distinguished from the production of commodities. It consists principally of public works, public utilities and housing. At least half of the total invested capital of the United States is at the present time included in this classification.

This is a crude new land. Away from the relatively narrow limits of industrial settlements the face of nature has been little touched. The country is still frontier by comparison with the man-made countryside of older and more thickly settled Europe. We have been too busy with our beginnings to develop, in the short space of a hundred years, the finished product of a land arranged for man. We need waterways, hydro-electric developments, reforestation, roads and even parks. But public works are not developed on the initiative of private capital, though they are commonly financed by municipal bonds. Undoubtedly these projects can and will use large quantities of our savings, and officials should be encouraged to make wise expenditures for these purposes. As long as such bonds remain tax-free there will need to be no further incentive to secure all the capital that can safely be used for this purpose.

With the public utilities the case is, of course, different. They have been starved for ten years and are far behind their normal development. This is particularly true of the railroads, but somewhat true of other classes as well. With the coming of lower costs and saner regulation it is to be hoped that the credit of the public utilities in the market place may be reestablished, so that they can secure a large share of the new capital available for investment, increase their facilities, and improve their efficiency both by the introduction of new devices and the judicious replacement of old.

Finally, there is the housing problem. And this field I particularly wish to emphasize because, while it is the largest single type of investment of the people as a whole, it has been singularly and perhaps unfortunately free from the application of funds upon a wholesale scale. It is an enormous and ideal field for investment,

particularly favored under the new conditions. Yet it has been, and is now, left largely to individual and retail handling.

Our housing is not nearly sufficient, nor suitable to the requirements or means of our people. The buildings are not permanent as in Europe, but are too generally cheap, temporary structures, because they are built as "tax-payers" or on the very limited means of the home-builder. The business of erection and of financing the homes of the people is usually handled on a small local scale. There is no open market for mortgages on residence property. These are matters for individual transaction, privately arranged. And the result is that investment in first and second mortgage loans and the ownership of renting residence property is so troublesome that the average investor cannot be tempted to touch it. Perhaps one of the reasons for the development of the apartment house has been the readiness with which it lent itself to a more business-like and large-scale handling.

As a general rule housing has not been considered a field for big financial operations. Some of the Western trust companies are already engaged in the residence mortgage business. The savings banks and insurance companies invest extensively in first mortgages on such buildings. But there is need for big operating and big financing corporations to develop this field. The risk of loans on standard housing developments is far less than upon specialty or one-use buildings, and the profits are big. A system of bond issues based on mortgages on assorted risks could undoubtedly be made a success.

It is, of course, utterly foolish that the outcry against the profiteering landlord should be permitted to take the course of harassing and restrictive legislation. What is needed is legislative encouragement and popular favor so as to attract investors into this field, not to drive them out as is now being done. Proposed federal legislation seems to indicate a change of sentiment in this regard.

It is also necessary that costs should come down. But that is coming at once. Material costs are already well liquidated and the reduction of wages is on the way. Labor must be satisfied with an equal real wage, and the money wage must come down, as it advanced, with the cost of living. The closed shop in the

building trades should be broken up, for it has been the bane of the business, and has permitted a small group of labor-monopolists to squeeze the rest of the people unmercifully. Yet even the laborers have not gained commensurately with what others have lost, because most of the increased cost has arisen through the lowering of output from restrictive rules and ancient methods. Since half of the cost of ordinary building is in direct labor and the bulk of the material cost is in indirect labor, a revolutionary increase in efficiency and a moderate reduction of wages would decrease building costs to somewhere between one-third and one-half of their present level.

In this last class of investment, which comprises most of the plant for the production of services to the people, there can be no competition from abroad. Europe can pay her debts to us in goods in the form of an adverse trade balance, while we devote the industrial energy thus saved to making ourselves more comfortable in our home land. Imports of goods indirectly liquidating the foreign debts will become new capital in the hands of some American, and will be released for reinvestment here. These funds should be reinvested in the form which will procure for the investor the greatest security and the largest return. Naturally these purposes will be best served, not by investment in some overcrowded field to increase production and compete with other redundant products for a limited foreign or domestic demand, but rather in the less competitive fields, in the manufacture of new kinds of goods and the enlargement or improvement of our equipment of permanent property for the production of direct services to our people. Because such undertakings offer a greater security and profit they will result in greater and more substantial prosperity among both groups concerned, the capitalists and the workers, and indirectly react to the benefit of the people as a whole.

Masses of men move according to natural laws. The causes of their actions are to be found in the conditions out of which they spring. It is my belief that the policies and choices which I have described will be followed, not so much voluntarily as involuntarily. They seem to be on the cards. As a people we are more likely to engage our attention in elevating our standard of living

at home than in spreading out to cover the world with our ownership and trade. If this is true, it is not well to attempt to stem the current. It is better to choose the winning, not the losing, side. The international banker has his place. And it will be a place of increasing importance. But the business of finding funds for public utilities and for housing will have a far greater development.

The careers of England and of France are not criteria for the United States. History does not repeat itself in the same terms at different times and under different conditions. The era of American preëminence may show to the world a new road to and a new standard of prosperity; a prosperity not so much built upon the quantitative increase of trade and industry as upon the invention and development of improvements and additions to the means of material welfare. Progress may consist in the development of new wants quite as well as in the readier gratification of the old.

C. REINOLD NOYES.

THE AMERICANISM OF LINCOLN

BY CHEESMAN A. HERRICK

WITH Americans, Abraham Lincoln is what John Drinkwater terms "an article of faith". This follows no doubt from the fact that he was the most American of all Americans. He was the most indigenous political leader America had yet produced. He was a child of the frontier, but he was vastly more than a backwoodsman. His family represented American migratory instincts, and the many-sided American life, particularly of the pioneers. As the family moved from place to place its members intermarried with those of the various localities, and, in a sense, gathered up and carried forward the traditions of the parts of America through which it passed.

The first in the line of the family from which Abraham Lincoln sprang came from England to Hingham, Massachusetts, whence descendants moved out into that Colony, settling at Scituate, and Hull; taking up the occupations of farmer, blacksmith and miller. Mordecai Lincoln moved from Hull, where he had served as blacksmith and ironworker, to Monmouth County, New Jersey, in 1714, or a little before that date, and thence, probably in 1720, to French Creek, in the northern part of Chester County, Pennsylvania, where the smelting of iron was being introduced. He was a resident of Chester County and of Exeter Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, during the third, fourth, and fifth decades of the eighteenth century. An account for 1735 shows that Mordecai Lincoln paid for shoes for his "Negro man". From this we may infer that the great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln probably owned a negro slave in Pennsylvania one hundred and thirty-eight years before the Emancipation Proclamation. During the second quarter of the eighteenth century a considerable migration took place from Pennsylvania down the Great Valley to Virginia. Daniel Boone and, later, John Lincoln, the great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, shared in this

migration. John Lincoln settled in Rockingham County, Virginia, about 1765–1768; Daniel Boone went on to Kentucky to be followed, about 1782, by John Lincoln's son, Abraham, the grandfather of the President. The next Lincoln generation was dissatisfied with Kentucky, and moved on to southern Indiana, and again, with the restlessness of the frontiersmen, to central Illinois. Even after reaching here the younger Abraham Lincoln showed the same restless spirit. Twice, as a young man, he helped to pole a flatboat to New Orleans, and twice in Illinois he moved from one county to another.

The United States was and is a geographic world empire. In her broad extent of latitude and longitude is included almost every variety of natural resource, climate, and production. So dissimilar are the various parts of the country that it was long common to suppose a close union between these parts to be impossible. Further to intensify sectional differences, people strikingly dissimilar came to settle in the different regions. The motives which brought them out as settlers were different, and in their interests and outlook on life they were widely apart.

As if to perpetuate the early sectionalism, when the lines of migration moved out to possess the great West they moved in the main along parallels of latitude. Of the streams of settlers which flowed across the continent, there were three main divisions: First, that from New England and New York, which passed through western New York into northern Ohio, and across the northern tier of States; second, that from the Middle States, which found its way up the Juniata, over the pass in western Pennsylvania, and down into the great valley of the Ohio; and third, that from Virginia and the Carolinas, which passed up the Potomac, through the Gap, and down into Kentucky. The streams passing through the two southernmost of these gateways tended to flow together in the Ohio Valley. From that commingling of peoples came Abraham Lincoln. His family, however, was originally from the northernmost section; it passed through the Middle States and reached the South before it joined the great westward movement. But, as if true to its destiny, this family was not content to remain in the South; it crossed again the line of division, merging its own life with that of the peoples

that had come out from the regions farther to the north. Thus Abraham Lincoln represented in himself the deep moral purpose of Puritan New England, and to this was added the chivalric, hospitable, and easy-going spirit of the South.

The dissimilar regions had produced sectionalism in the statesmen who preceded and who were contemporary with Lincoln. Adams and Jefferson, Jackson and Calhoun, Clay and Webster, each represented the interest of a State or a section in national affairs. Lincoln was the first to know no North, no South, no East, no West. In himself he represented all sections; he knew only a united America. His development has well been termed "the nationalization of the provincial"; it may similarly be maintained that when he went to the Presidency he went as a "national figure presiding over men dominated by sectional interests".

Lincoln's political ideas were indigenous. In speaking at the State House in Philadelphia, in 1861, he said that he had never had a political sentiment which had not taken its rise from that building. Of all the great Americans, he was least influenced by the Old World. He had never crossed the sea; he knew next to nothing of foreign languages, and little of foreign civilizations. His Americanism was uncolored by the Old World inheritances. Other great Americans were Europeans living under New World conditions; Lincoln was a product of the New World environment. Of Lincoln as a New World character, reflecting a peculiar type of Americanism, Lowell wrote:

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

If we accept Burke's definition of a statesman as one who conceives of a nation as an organic entity, and who deals with every question which comes to him in its relation to the nation as a whole, who can be compared with Abraham Lincoln? In commenting on Lincoln and his work, Governor Samuel W. Pennyacker made the observation: "Too much has been said about

saving the nation. More ought to have been said about the creation of the nation. This country never became a nation until after the battle of Gettysburg had been fought."

Lincoln came prominently before the country at a time when the old leaders were passing away, and when, with the coming of a new era, it was necessary to make new choices. He grew gradually in his political outlook. His brief term in Congress brought him into contact with national affairs at a time when the slavery question was being forced to the front. In the years 1847 to 1849, David Wilmot repeatedly attached a paragraph to various bills pending in Congress, to the effect that their enactment into laws was to be with the proviso that slavery should be excluded from any territory which might come into the possession of the United States as a result of the Mexican War. Lincoln said that he voted for the Wilmot Proviso "as good as forty times".

The slavery question was not new when Lincoln came into public affairs. There was violent agitation over it during Monroe's administration, at which time the Missouri Compromise was effected. President Monroe expressed the conviction that the controversy would be "winked away" by the Compromise. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, wrote in his diary a conviction that the slavery controversy would outlast both Monroe and himself. Daniel Webster set forth the idea, in his famous Seventh of March speech in 1850, that nature had determined by an irrevocable law that a part of the territory of the United States should perpetuate the institution of negro slavery while another part was to be freed from it; arguing in effect that the attempt to eradicate slavery by Constitutional amendment or by enactment under the Constitution was either unnecessary or futile.

The compromises of 1820 and 1850 only put off a settlement of the slavery issue. We ought not to minimize their importance; they gave time for the nation to find itself, and for the Union sentiment to grow. The North also was becoming strong, to stand against the dismemberment of the Union.

In 1858, after the Dred Scott decision had added fuel to the flame kindled by the Kansas-Nebraska act, Lincoln made his famous attack on Douglas in a speech delivered in Springfield;

the direct challenge which led to the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The keynote of the speech was: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. This government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other." This speech has been characterized as "like a shout from the watchtower of history". The inevitable tendency of the Kansas-Nebraska bill and of the Dred Scott decision in the direction of the extension of slavery was set forth in this speech in such fashion as to alarm the North lest the country should become all slave. The central thought of the speech was opposed by some of Lincoln's friends and advisers as likely to sacrifice his interests, but Lincoln asserted that he would rather be defeated with this expression in his speech than be successful without it. His answer was, "If it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right."

The Lincoln-Douglas debates made Lincoln a national figure. Later he carried the case against the extension of slavery into the East in the famous Cooper Union address. In brief, he became the spokesman of the moral sentiment of the North against the extension of slavery into any territory where it had not been already established by law.

Lincoln was, however, no visionary dreamer; his Americanism was that of a practical statesman. He was always seeking to adapt means to ends in the accomplishment of his great purpose. He was even willing to sacrifice the lower principle for the higher, as was illustrated in his policy during the Civil War. Again and again he set forth the fact that his aim was the preservation of the Union, and when some of his friends in the North sought to substitute the slavery question for that of the preservation of the Union, he argued that if he could save the Union by freeing the slaves he would free the slaves, but that if he could save the Union by continuing slavery he would deem it his duty to save the Union. In the light of history, we now see how clear was Lincoln's vision, and how unerringly he moved to the accomplishment of his great purpose.

In 1858 Lincoln represented a revolutionary moral protest against the evil of slavery, and in a measure against the Government that would condone such an evil. After his election he represented the Government itself; it was then his mission to see that the laws were enforced, the Constitution preserved. With secession impending, and later when it became a reality, Lincoln stood by the Constitution and his duty to defend it. In his speech at Independence Hall, on his way to Washington in February, 1861, he intimated what his policy would be, and in his first inaugural he clearly stated the position of the Government in the following language: "In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it'." His first inaugural was an appeal to common sense in support of the idea of union.

Writing in 1864 on the evolution of his thinking which brought him to declare slaves free, Lincoln said:

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution all together. When, early in the war, General Frémont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When, in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the

blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element.

Lincoln's Americanism was big enough to rise above sectionalism or personal hatred. He was the object of the most bitter and vituperative attacks, chiefly from the South but by no means limited to the South. Repeatedly was he called "a bloody butcher" and "an ignorant boor". One who examines the large collection of Lincoln cartoons in the Library of Congress at Washington, covering the years immediately preceding and during the Civil War, will find that Lincoln was reviled and stigmatized in the most extreme fashion in the South, in the North, and even in England, but through it all he knew not how to speak a word of harshness, or to harbor a feeling of animosity. Carried away with the supreme task of saving the Union, he forgot all personal insults, and out of the heat of the Civil War wrote the Second Inaugural, which must be reckoned one of the most inspired documents which ever came from the pen of man. The sentiment, "with malice toward none: with charity for all," considering the period and conditions under which it was written, may almost be compared with the prayer of Christ for His persecutors as He hung upon the Cross. Carl Schurz characterized this as having "all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die".

The success of the National cause gave Lincoln the power by which he might have crushed and humiliated his enemies in the South, and those who had opposed him in the North, but his success called forth sentiments, not of punishment, but rather of a generous good will. The spirit of Lincoln was well shown in the response which he made to his friends when they waited on him after his second election in 1864. "Now that the election is over," said he, "may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a reelection, it adds nothing to my

satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result. May I ask those who have not differed with me, to join with me in this same spirit toward those who have?"

Lincoln's Americanism was shown in his statesmanlike insistence that the seceded States had never been out of the Union, and, therefore, that when they were brought into subjection they were still in the Union. This left no room for reconstruction or the readmission of States. Statesmen of less vision could not realize in the era after the Civil War that the war was actually over. They wanted to discipline the South. Samuel McChord Crothers, in his essay "In Praise of Politicians", singles Lincoln out as the man who saw his official duty above any personal or sentimental feeling. What Dr. Crothers well terms "the tragic blunders of Reconstruction" resulted from the action of those in the Federal Government who lacked Lincoln's insight to see the meaning of the Union. "It took the ordinary politician," says Dr. Crothers, "a quarter of a century to see what the great politician could see in an instant."

But as Lincoln lived for the Union, so he also died for it. We may say that the life-blood of Abraham Lincoln was the seal for the new Union, and that in his death he completed the formation of this "more perfect Union" to which he had given so many anxious years. In ancient times and among heathen peoples the most precious human beings were offered as sacrifices. Abraham Lincoln wrought more by his death than by his life. In the shedding of his blood there was a mystical Union which created a new and, we trust, under God, a permanent nationality. According to a tradition of an Eastern land, the sweetest-toned bell could be obtained only by the sacrifice of a beautiful and innocent maiden, and as the molten metal was prepared for the casting of the bell, the life-blood of such a victim was poured into the composition. The life-blood of Lincoln was the seal for a new Union and in his death his life's work was completed.

The development of Lincoln's ideas of government was progressive. At first he was a local politician; next he was sent to the Legislature of Illinois when the State was "backwoods", where, as Elihu Root has said, he "learned the rudiments of government". After practicing law he was sent to Congress,

where he received enlarged notions of government. He then studied the slavery question in its relations to the nation, and became the leader of the opposition to the extension of slavery. But Lincoln's political ideas outgrew his own country, and the ideals of his democracy rose above national selfishness. He impressed himself upon the political thought of the world. As Lloyd George has pointed out, in his life Lincoln was considered a great American; at his death he had world influence; and now he "belongs to the common people in every land".

A few years ago, in a discussion of Lincoln before a Philadelphia audience made up chiefly of recently arrived immigrants, a Russian who spoke broken English made the statement that a fugitive sentiment of Lincoln's concerning liberty, "He who would be no slave must consent to have no slave," which he had seen in far-away Russia, had served him as a beacon light leading him to Lincoln's country. Those acquainted with the thought of the common people in Japan say that in that country Lincoln is the best known of all Americans, and that he typifies the idea of liberty to the Japanese people. Count Tolstoi held that Lincoln was too big to be owned by one nation; that he belonged to the whole world.

In recent years men have asked over and over, What would Lincoln have done in this or that emergency? Of one thing we may rest assured: his political ideas would have grown with the nation's need and the world's need. Above all the men of his time he saw the hand of God in the affairs of this world. He yielded to the Divine leadership, and under God gave this nation a new birth of freedom so that "government of the people, by the people, for the people" should not perish from the earth. In the times of new national peril, men may well draw from him fresh lessons of faith in the overruling power of Almighty God, and patience in dealing with the trying problems with which they are confronted. The world will enthrone justice and good will, this nation of ours will be safe, the destiny of the Commonwealth will be secure, the land in which we live will be a goodly place in which to dwell, as long as men emulate the virtues and imitate the action of this "first" American.

CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

PUBLICITY—AND ITS ETHICS

BY ATHERTON BROWNELL

IN the November issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Professor Roscoe C. E. Brown discussed what he was pleased to call *The Menace to Journalism*, with a mind as impartial and in a tone as calmly judicial as was possible once he had selected a title which left little to be said except to pass sentence upon the guilty culprit. The “menace” to which he referred is publicity or propaganda—using the terms interchangeably—and the offenders are the press agents, or publicity men—likewise considering these as synonyms, which they have long since ceased to be—who are represented as being parasites who have colonized in great numbers on the Fourth Estate. Apparently the only distinction that Professor Brown would make is that the old-time and smilingly tolerated press agent of the circus “left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation of truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts”; whereas, the modern publicity representatives of great corporations, banking interests, public movements or philanthropies “stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty”.

That the guileful, often amusing and usually harmless tactics of the old-time press agent have been developed of late years into a well paid and unusually busy profession of publicity as applied to large interests, may not be denied, and the first reflex is naturally upon the making of a modern daily newspaper. It has emerged from under the flap of the circus tent and from the narrow confines of the theatre box-office, until it holds a place of considerable dignity and importance in the public activities of to-day. It is only in comparatively a few editorial sanctums, though in many publishers’ offices, that the modern publicity

man is looked upon as an outlaw, conducting a kind of guerrilla warfare against which the advertising department must arm itself.

For a number of years the American Newspaper Publishers' Association has maintained a standing committee to fight this fancied menace to its revenues, suspended in its activities only during the war when it was considered to be a patriotic duty to lend the power of the press to the propaganda work of the Government in its many forms. Yet it may be possible to show that so far from being a detriment to the material interests of the publishers, the work of the intelligent and resourceful publicity man may be and can be a direct stimulant to the creation of great national advertisers, thus dovetailing with the purpose of the publishers and the advertising agents.

Professor Brown, however, dignifies the discussion by placing it upon a higher ethical plane for consideration than has hitherto been attempted, and also by removing it—as it should be removed—from the business offices of the newspapers into the editorial field, thus bringing it into the broader light of the public welfare. In thus stimulating an open discussion of the subject on higher ethical grounds than its effect upon the advertising revenues of the newspapers, Professor Brown has rendered a service that places all parties at interest in his debt.

To the mind of the layman, not particularly versed in the details of the question, but viewing it with a natural shrewdness and innate common sense, there may come the query as to why it is true, as Professor Brown says, that "trained writers are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends" and, he admits, "to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs." Is it true that all these men are apostates, lacking in any idealism that cannot be made subservient to the greater monetary temptations that are held out to them, that they have "forsaken the editorial room for the publicity office"?

Are the old methods of news-gathering so perfect that they cannot be changed in any respect to advantage? Is it not within the bounds of reasonable possibility that these men of superior attainments, having lived in daily intimacy with present-day

conditions of news-gathering, and partly disillusioned thereby, have perceived that there is a function to be performed that has little chance of development in the rush and hurry of the production of a modern daily newspaper, but supplementing it? May it not be that there is another ideal that is worthy of consideration, equally in the interest of society and of the best journalism, this taking the form of the search for and the preparation of real news that is "predigested"—rather than hastily gathered and hurriedly thrown together, given to the public half-baked and not only undigested but actually indigestible?

We may not necessarily go so far as to agree entirely with the newspaper cynic who defined "news" as "any violation of any one of the Ten Commandments", but it is indisputable that in common practice that which is compelling news, that which bears the editorial blue pencilled "must" across its face, is of some sensational happening, something picturesque and attention-arresting, something that can be made into a "story" and the more of "human interest" it possesses the better. Bad news flies fast—it meets the reporter more than half way. Good news is often retiring and conceals itself. The function of the real publicity man is to give it wings. The news prepared by the modern publicity man is the news of construction. It has been sought out from a mass of data or other information in which it is so deeply imbedded that it could never be found by the hurried reporter seeking the news that shrieks aloud to be told.

This is the interesting point that Professor Brown raises, and which may broadly cover the entire field of activity of what we may call purposeful publicity, that "whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him an insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements".

Access to great corporation heads undoubtedly is more difficult to-day than it was formerly, and equally undoubtedly these corporation heads speak with greater care when they speak at all. When the great anthracite strike of a dozen or so years ago was pending, there were eight or ten corporation heads all being constantly sought by dozens of reporters, more or less competent,

from as many different local papers. Aside from the loss of time from executive duties, nothing but confusion resulted in the public mind from the various digests and interpretations of many not specially informed reporters from the disjointed statements of these several corporation heads. Since the importance of public understanding of the situation was recognized to be important, one man was selected—a trained newspaper man—who became the spokesman for all, thus saving time and clearing the atmosphere of a mass of ignorant speculations. As a rule, the man who is important enough to be sought by the newspapers, and who has any respect for accuracy, has learned that his only safety lies in the prepared statement—not as a shield to protect himself from saying things that he does not want to say, but as a preventative from being made to say things that he has not said.

The strict executive, who will not permit a letter carefully dictated to a competent and tried stenographer to leave his office without re-reading before signing, is expected to deal in an off-hand way with the most vital of topics whenever asked to do so by a reporter, and then to permit his views to go out to the world through the mediumship of a man he has perhaps never seen, who relies upon his memory only for faithful transcription, who has no fundamental knowledge of the subject to permit of accurate compression of the essentials into newspaper space and who does not permit the subject of the interview to see what he is to be committed to saying before its publication. This is one of the conditions of news-gathering that Professor Brown would not have changed, yet it is neither fair nor just to place the entire responsibility for misquotation upon the shoulders of the reporter. The plea of having been misquoted is as often, perhaps, because of the fault of him who is interviewed as it is that of the newspaper man. Few men of great executive ability—few men, in fact, of any kind—possess the faculty of talking for publication, accurately, interestingly and intelligently. It is an art in itself, usually acquired only by cultivation although, like genius, it is born in a few. Few men who have become authorities on any subject great enough to be sought by the newspapers still retain the thought that others not so familiar with it require a primary exposition of the fundamentals if a clear understanding is to be the result.

A single case in point may serve to illustrate more clearly the function of the publicity man in corporation work; and also the result, in one instance, of the collision of interviewing, as it is practiced, with that ideal of journalism which would "leave the reporter to go his way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation of truth that comes from the detached appraisal of conflicting statements and dug-out facts". A man of many millions and of great achievements in the industrial world had placed himself at the head of a new corporation which had a "vision". It was a vision of vast profits, perhaps, but it also from its nature possessed a public service value that caused it to be "news". For many months its plans had been prepared and merely hinted at publicly in detail. Each step in preparation had been scrutinized by the publicity man for its reaction upon the public. The newspapers were keen for the "story".

With infinite pains and much rewriting,—“predigesting”, if you please,—the entire plan had been reduced to the form of an interview with the head of the corporation and had finally been initialled by him as evidence of his approval after careful study and weighing. In this instance it is possible that many newspapers would have accepted the statement had it been sent to them by mail, but the publicity man recognized fully what Professor Brown means when he charges that access to heads of corporations is often denied.

Since it was quite out of the question for a man of so many interests to give up the time to meeting all of these representatives of the metropolitan newspapers and of the various press associations singly, it was arranged that he should visit New York and receive them all at once at his hotel. Including trade papers, there were sixty or more news-seekers present, and of this number there was but one who declined to accept the prepared statement that was awaiting them. This single exception seemed to be inspired by Professor Brown's stricture upon what he calls "spoon-fed" journalism and branched off into side-issues and absolutely extraneous subjects when he asked his questions.

Although unprepared for this and taken unawares, the subject of the interview courteously submitted to the heckling and

arose to the emergency. His answers were short and to the point. They admitted of little or no possibility of misunderstanding and there was but one man within his hearing who did misunderstand. It was unfortunate, to say the least, that this should have been the reporter who was questioning him and that the readers of his paper the following morning should have been given a falsehood in the place of truth, while every other paper that did not follow Professor Brown's ideal had a perfectly accurate and truthful story.

A number of years ago—it was during President Roosevelt's second term—two prominent railroad magnates were each seized simultaneously with a desire to say something to the public regarding the railroad problem that was then vexing Congress and the public. To get his views and opinions widely before the public unexpurgated and in digestible form, each of these two magnates retained a publicity specialist, and these men followed methods that were essentially different. Both principals were men who were known to be hard to interview: the one because of a quick impatience that permitted of no slowness of comprehension or inquiry into essential detail; the other, because of a diffidence that stood in the way of expression by words. Both were required to reduce their ideas to writing, which were then edited and carefully “predigested” so that each in his own way said just what he wanted to say, in the fewest possible words, and with the greatest possible newspaper story value. The first, accompanied by his publicity man, went to Washington where the national correspondents gather. They were invited to come to the hotel to meet the magnate and came eagerly, for the fact that this man was willing to talk was news in itself. They listened to his humorous stories, smoked his cigars and probably partook of his hospitality otherwise. They plied him with questions and they politely took his prepared statement away with them. The next day, all over the country, this railroad man had all the publicity he wanted, but not of the kind that he desired. His statement was largely ignored, since the real story was that at last he had seen the light and was not only willing but eager to take the public into his confidence. That was the “news” as it was developed. To the day of his death

this railroad man never again submitted himself to a newspaper interviewer.

In the case of the other a very different policy was followed. His publicity man, knowing the psychology of the newspaper mind, carefully rehearsed his principal in a little drama that was calculated to win great applause at the final curtain. The cast was a small one, consisting of the railroad man and the President of the United States, with the Interstate Commerce Commission acting as a kind of chorus. Act I showed the publicity man calling on the President and, in the course of the conversation, casually mentioning that Mr. So-and-so, his principal, had a carefully worked out plan for the settlement of the railroad question.

"Is that so?" inquired Col. Roosevelt. "That's bully! I'd like to talk it over with him!"

"Why don't you invite him to come down? He'd come."

Act II showed the railroad man accepting the President's invitation and arriving in Washington thoroughly "in character", as a reserved and more or less unapproachable magnate, travelling in his private car. This car was, of course, quickly identified by the local reporters with the result that it was surrounded by correspondents when the principal—with no publicity man in attendance—returned to it from the White House. To all eager inquiries as to the subject of his conference no answer was given, except that it would be entirely improper and discourteous to the President to give out anything, unless it emanated from the Executive Mansion.

Act III shows the railroad man's car again rolling into Washington and a repetition of the previous proceeding, while the word passes around that some "big news is going to break". On his return to his car the railroad man seems to be more willing to speak but still holds his reserve, and then follows the master-stroke of the little drama, with the advice and consent of Col. Roosevelt, who thoroughly enjoyed the little play. As the train began to pull out, leaving the correspondents with long faces, the railroad man leaned confidentially from the platform of his car and said with a smile, "It's a wonder you boys don't know where the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission is!" and was gone. No faster, however, than the race for the offices of the Interstate

Commerce Commission which at once started, and there, carefully prepared and edited, fully "predigested," the statement was found to be on file waiting to be read, laboriously copied and telegraphed to all parts of the country.

The wiles and the artful practices of the press agent to advertise his client, regardless of any public interest in his subject, are so indefensible that it would be a waste of time to discuss them. This is not the form and character of publicity that has been brought to the light of this discussion by Professor Brown, but there is one argument that comes from the advertising office that deserves more than a passing word. "You can say anything in the advertising columns that you can say in the news columns, and just as effectively" is a favorite statement of publishers which is largely, yet not 100 per cent, true, as a single instance will show.

A great work of a semipublic nature, involving engineering problems having no precedent, had been undertaken in New York. It was being financed by its bankers through the sale of short term notes as a temporary expedient. An issue of these notes was close to maturity and it was the expectation of the bankers that a new issue would immediately be taken up by the holders of those which expired. About ten days before this maturity period there appeared in Wall Street and in the financial centres of Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and elsewhere, where the notes were heavily held, a rumor that could be traced to no starting point. It was one of those "whispering campaigns" that are usually the cloak of crooked finance and stock manipulation and its source could be suspected though not proved. It was to the effect that the engineering difficulties in this work had proved to be insuperable and that the project had been virtually abandoned. The object in view was perfectly apparent, and was the discrediting in advance of the new note issue in order to bring ruin upon the entire enterprise.

The banker sent for his advertising agent and placed the problem before him with the request that he answer the rumor and kill it. The advertising agent's advice was to call in a publicity man since to meet the situation by advertising a denial would be to spread the damaging rumor more widely. This was late on a

Thursday afternoon. The following Sunday morning virtually every newspaper in New York carried an illustrated story on its first page detailing, with many picturesque episodes, the inspection of the work made the day before by an Athenian Prince, several French army engineers and other notable scientists from Europe, and the following day the financial press of the country carried it in condensed form.

This space could not have been purchased at any price. No "influence", however strong, except that of actual news value, could have obtained it. The price that the publicity man paid for that space was in the only coin that passes current in the editorial department. Nor was it spurious coin, even though he had created the superficial news value by the introduction of the Prince into the situation. The real news lay in the fact that the work was going on uninterruptedly; the rumors of its cessation were false and that the investors were not in danger of loss of their money. The result was to dam the stream of lying rumors and to accomplish a piece of constructive work that otherwise would not have been done. It saved the work and it created, on its completion, an advertising patron which has turned many thousands of dollars into the coffers of the papers.

To many minds the word "publicity" means the "putting over" of something improperly. It would be a useless waste of space to berate at length all of the schemes and wiles of the unconscionable publicity man or press agent that really have for their purpose the exploiting of something under the guise of news that should not be exploited at all, or that are otherwise as indefensible as are many of the newspaper practices that are not in keeping with the highest ethics of journalism. It is a fact that has to be met and reckoned with that out of its fantastic beginnings there has arisen a new profession that, properly governed and regulated, is essentially in the interest of the public and which has been forced into existence by the failure of the press in many important particulars to live up to its highest ideals.

ATHERTON BROWNELL.

A COMMENT

BY ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

MR. ATHERTON BROWNELL illuminates with interesting incidents the conditions that have created the publicity business, without challenging the public's right to news from independent and disinterested sources. Nor does he deny that matter written to serve private purposes in increasing volume masquerades as news. The article in the November issue of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, which evoked his discussion, thus foreshadowed his explanation of the sway of publicity:

The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips.

Mr. Brownell goes further than this and pictures the newspapers not only as failing to get for themselves what he calls "news of construction" and stupidly or perversely bungling such news when it comes their way, but also as forcing the "publicity specialist" of a great railroad man to resort to tricks worthy of a mere press agent seeking some free advertising, in order to circulate that financier's views at a moment when the President of the United States himself was giving them attention.

It is doubtful if this defense of publicity will tend to endear the publicity man to the editor. If Mr. Brownell's anecdotes were to be accepted as typical either of the newspaper's sense of real news and attitude toward it, or of the methods of the high-class corporation publicity man, whom he is so careful to differentiate from the old-time press agent, famous for disguising private schemes as public news, then, indeed, a critic might think there was little to do but pass judgment on the "guilty culprit", whether

of the editorial or the publicity office. But it is far less important to pass such judgments than to diagnose conditions. The writer's purpose has not been to condemn men of either calling for what is the result, not of any wrongful purpose on their part, but of business and social developments with which journalism and the intellectual interest of a large body of the readers on which it depends have not been able to keep pace. It has rather been to consider the journalistic tendencies thus fostered, with a view to the newspaper's future prestige and influence as a trusted leader and interpreter of society to itself. Mr. Brownell confirms belief in the menace of those tendencies.

Modern civilization has become too vast and complicated for many newspaper organizations. Only the greatest newspapers can afford to cover it adequately or expertly. And too often their circulation is among those who do not in the least care to have it thus covered. So whole fields are left to the publicity man and doubtless will be left to the publicity man until the newspapers, either singly or by associated effort, send out larger staffs of men and women highly trained to deal of their own initiative with these complicated matters. A beginning of such independent news investigation has been made in the field of science.

The methods and aims of news-gathering to-day leave much to be desired, and the conditions that promote such misrepresentation as Mr. Brownell describes and that he says the writer would not have changed, far from being left unchanged, should be radically reformed. But the "search for and preparation of real news", supplementing the chronicle of the routine and the sensational, which Mr. Brownell points to as the function of the publicity man, ought to be so carried on by the newspaper itself that there would be no need to depend on the self-interest of publicity seekers for the due enlightenment of society. And as for that "good" news that is too retiring to meet the reporter unchaperoned by the press agent, it is too good to be true.

While the tendency of newspapers to make themselves the retailers of ready-made news and opinions is easily explained, while the publicity man does an otherwise undone work, the fact remains that the all-important function of a newspaper is to report the world as it sees it, and not as some party in interest

wishes it to be seen. The publicity expert may, indeed, have an enduring place. He may tell corporations how to conduct themselves so as to deserve public confidence; he may help their managers to speak so as to catch the public ear; but he should never be permitted to put his story, written from the point of view of a private interest, into a newspaper in the guise of its report as an independent instrument of public intelligence. When that is permitted the newspaper surrenders itself to propaganda and invites loss of faith.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

MEXICAN AGRARIANISM

BY HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY

MEXICO has always had her land problem, since the days of Cortés. Often, during colonial days, reform was predicated on redistribution of the land. Never, since the days of independence, has a savior of the people arisen who did not in some way hold out readjustment of agrarian difficulties as an inducement wherewith to acquire followers. But few if any of the schemes proposed accomplished the ends sought, and when those ends were achieved they proved unhappy solutions of a vexed and complicated situation.

Hence it was not surprising that Francisco Madero should have attempted to restore to his followers the lands of which they had from time to time been deprived; but it was even less surprising, taking into consideration Madero's idealism and the character of the group of politicians which surrounded him, that his scheme of land distribution should also have failed.

But after he had gone, the radical wing of his followers was supreme in the Convention of Querétaro which, under the leadership of Venustiano Carranza, framed the revolutionary Constitution promulgated on February 5, 1917. Article 27 of that organic law committed the country to the radical programme of land reform which is in operation to-day under an extension of the theory of eminent domain. The present party in power proposes to take, and is taking, parts of great estates, practically without regard for the justice or injustice with which they were acquired, to subdivide and redistribute to the landless native population. A measure of distinction is drawn in alienating these lands. In most cases the old Indian towns possessed communal lands, called *ejidos*, bestowed upon them under colonial laws, for the sustenance of the native population, which was almost purely agricultural. When such lands are identified and returned to the natives, the process is called

“revindication” or “restitution”. Where it is found that native communities did not possess such lands, or possessed them in insufficient quantity, the process is called “dotation”. In either case the land is being taken from the large landowners by action almost wholly administrative, in which the *hacendado* has only tardy recourse to courts of justice. Revindication connotes no indemnity; dotation presumes governmental obligation to pay one.

The present agrarian programme really began under an executive decree issued by President Carranza on January 6, 1915, which authorized the bestowal of communal lands upon Indian towns by provisional act of the National Agrarian Commission, before a reglementary law could be passed and also before suitable indemnification could be provided by government action. This pre-constitutional decree of January 6, 1915, was amended by another presidential decree, also pre-constitutional, dated September 19, 1916; the amendment did away with the “provisional bestowals”, and sought to establish the practice of providing indemnification when lands were taken from estates and bestowed upon towns.

Recently the claim was made in the Senate by Senator Ortiz Rodríguez of Michoacán that the intention was to incorporate the amended and not the original decree in the Constitution, and hence that the present programme of bestowing *ejidos* without previous indemnification was unconstitutional. This opinion was heard upon the occasion of a vote taken by the Senate upon the introduction of the new agrarian law in that body, accompanied by the request of President Obregón to have the decree of September 19, 1916, and its reglementary law of December 28, 1920, specifying certain processes for petitioning for *ejidos*, annulled. If the reforms in legislation asked for by Senator Ortiz Rodríguez were to be adopted, an amendment to the Constitution would be required. Señor Andrés Molina Enríquez, of the Commission, pointed out that the royal Government of Spain, when it established its Ordinances for Intendants in 1786, provided for administrative seizure of lands for specific purposes under Article 61 of that instrument, and that such action by an autocratic Government may be esteemed

a precedent, when the exigency is as great as that which now exists. At any event, the Agrarian Commission proceeds serenely with "dotation" and "restitution" alike, calling upon the Federal army to enforce its decisions whenever difficulty is encountered, as is frequently the case.

The administrative procedure whereby native towns become possessed of communal lands was defended by General Antonio I. Villareal, the recently resigned Secretary of Agriculture. Before action is taken in regard to a town, its representatives go before the Agrarian Commission of the State in which they reside with their petition for lands. This Commission is appointed by the Governor, and works in harmony with the National Agrarian Commission, which is responsible to the President. The State Commission hears the petitioners' request for an *ejido*, that is a square league or more, of communal land. When the petition is received, the local Commission takes a rough census to determine how much land will be required in order to provide each head of a family with an appropriate number of hectares of land, usually three or four hectares. Then surveyors make the necessary measurements, and the lands are distributed to the Indians from the estates which lie around their village. When these "possessions in first instance" have been bestowed, the former proprietors, who have not been consulted up to this point, may interpose a writ of *amparo*, a sort of writ of review, before the courts, to determine whether the expropriation shall stand or not.

Naturally enough, seizure of land in this manner has raised howls of indignant protest all over the land. The large landholders have long been the constructive prey of the Radicals. They have grown accustomed to insecurity in titles; they have suffered without recourse the widespread spoliation of the days of actual warfare. But their protests against the current programme have become at last vehement to the point of absurdity. I rarely met an *hacendado* last summer who did not beseechingly invoke intervention by President Harding at once in order to bring to an end the disgraceful robberies of which the *hacendados* are victims. This class of agriculturists would hail intervention as their last hope of salvation. The agriculturists have

indeed been harassed by some pretty high-handed measures, but Señor Rodríguez Cabo, Director of Agriculture, told me that such instances were due to the unmeasured zeal of local fanatics, and were not being upheld by the national authorities.

The process of bestowing communal lands, something over one thousand parcels of which have been granted, has been attended with many evils. In Guanajuato, in one instance at least the peons who were farming lands on shares were obliged to revoke their contracts with the proprietors for such labors, and to accept *ejidos* against their will, under penalty of imprisonment for continued refusal. In some cases where original possession by the town was at least dubious, the bestowal has been by way of "restitution", whereas "dotation" would have at least raised the question of indemnification. In some cases those who received lands, having no plows, teams, seed, nor food for sustention until crops might be harvested, have fallen prey to speculators who have charged exorbitant prices for these necessities. In very many cases lands taken by communities have been left fallow, whereas they previously yielded ample crops. In other instances large holders, fearing expropriation, have refused to plant normal crops, in the apprehension that they would lose them at harvest time.

The complaint is also raised that the Government takes lands from cultivated estates for subdivision, even where, as in the State of Jalisco, it possesses ample extent of national lands suitable for the purpose. In many regions political ends rather than economic improvement have been sought. In Yucatán the State Government has used the bestowal of *ejidos* as a weapon with which to compel allegiance to the dominant Socialist party. The Secretary of Agriculture has warned the Socialists and other politicians that the agrarian programme is technical, not political, and that political advantage is not to be sought through bestowal of lands. The trouble is that other officers of the central Government encourage such activities. The loudest complaints are that the demands for lands often come from natives whose vocations are industrial and not agricultural, that the bestowals are often made in such a way as to reduce production rather than to encourage intensive agri-

culture, that grants are often excessive in size, and are made from the best lands of intensively cultivated estates. Señor Molina Enríquez of the Agrarian Commission defends the latter feature of the programme, saying that if the Indians were to be given the poor, unirrigated lands, the agrarian policy of the Government would necessarily fail, as its many enemies wish it to do. Besides, in many cases the irrigable lands, for which the *hacendado* has erected an expensive reservoir, are precisely those areas from which the Indians were at some time evicted.

The serious problem is not, as has been pointed out by many friends of Mexico, the creation of small properties. The essential thing is the creation of small proprietors. Those who criticise the Government's programme would create or educate the latter first. They would endow the peon with superior agricultural knowledge, organize him into syndicates, equip him with modern farming machinery after he has been taught to use it, provide him with ample water rights, and suitable land credits to insure his subsistence between crops, apparently before they would sell him land. Above all things, they would see to it that the land he is to become possessed of should come to him not by expropriation or confiscation, or even by indemnification through government bonds, but by payment in cash before alienation occurs. Needless to say, the Socialistic trend of the times in Mexico looks askant upon such a conservative programme. It would measurably retard distribution. There are even those who demand the nationalization of as much agricultural land as possible by organizing the small farmers into syndicates, and making it possible for them to acquire full title in leased lands after a rental period of five years, with no capital purchase price. This proposal is not endorsed by the Government.

The National Agrarian Commission has shown a reasonable attitude in subdividing *ejidos* bearing crops, though its orders have not always been observed. A circular of last July to all agrarian authorities ordained that all lands required for dotation but bearing annual crops should be left to the proprietors until the standing crops could be harvested. Lands bearing the maguay plant, coffee trees, guayule, sugar cane, or other crops

requiring more than a year to mature the product, are to be left untouched if other lands suitable for subdivision are available, and indemnification is to be provided when such long-time crops are on lands that are to be taken. Search is being made in various States for national lands from which *ejidos* may be had; in five States alone over 2,000,000 hectares of such lands are in possession of the nation, and it is expected that available areas within these extensions will be given to native communities.

Colonies are being established in various parts of the Republic for retired soldiers and army officers, and for repatriated laborers and those whose employment in the oil fields has terminated. One colony recently undertaken is in the Territory of Quintana Roo. Some doubt has been expressed as to the advisability of establishing small holdings in the peninsula of Yucatán, as the characteristic henequin crop there requires exploitation on a large scale in order to assure success. The military colonies are fathered by Dr. José Siurob and General Gildardo Magaña. The plan is favored by President Obregón; it will, if successful, have a helpful influence in the solution of the spiny problem of reducing the highly over-officered Mexican army.

It has been stated that estates held by foreigners are not to be subjected to partition for *ejidos*. This must be construed to apply to estates held under contracts not yet declared to have become invalidated by failure to colonize or for other causes. Such properties, many of which lapsed because disturbed conditions during the revolution prevented compliance with contractual conditions, have been the object of hostile legislative and executive action in certain States, notably in Sonora and Sinaloa. If foreign holdings should be held exempt the state of the Mexican citizen would be worse than that of the foreigner, but as a matter of fact some foreigners at least have suffered more than some Mexicans, in this respect. The Association of American Owners of Lands in Mexico points out that the laws originating in the recent revolution seek redistribution of privately held lands, for private purposes; that Article 27 deprives landowners of their prescriptive rights of possession, use, and alienation; that this Article is in effect retroactive, and if otherwise con-

strued it becomes a legal nullity and inoperative. This body seeks relief in an amendment to the Constitution of Mexico, or preferably in a return to the Constitution of 1857, alleging that recent decisions of the Supreme Court or statements by the President as to non-retroactivity of Article 27 are insufficient to restore the security of their acquired rights.

Mexican landowners have attempted various methods of abating the evil. In the State of Mexico the Legislature in August authorized expenditure of 100,000 pesos to purchase lands for subdivision. The *hacendados* are to provide the money, in order to protect their lands from expropriation. The first purchase was to be of 700 hectares for subdivision to applicants with seeds, teams, etc. This is the most conciliatory attitude so far manifested by the agricultural interests. In the State of Jalisco the agriculturists organized a syndicate to oppose the Government programme. This organization has since become national in scope and membership. Its leader, José Gutiérrez Hermosilla, frankly announced that the organization of this guild of *hacendados* was due to the necessity of protecting agriculture from the campaign of the National Agrarian Commission. This syndicate proposes to include field laborers in its membership, and will work for the improvement of their condition. It recognizes the legitimate existence of farm laborers' guilds, and offers to coöperate with them "when they are inspired by respect for individual property", but it will "defend by all legitimate means the rights of proprietors when they are prejudiced unjustly by laws, acts, or whatever authority may be animated by agitators or perturbers of the public tranquillity."

In Chihuahua leaders of the Association of Proprietors are more mild. They do not oppose subdivision, but point out that their huge holdings were legally acquired and that the Government must surely provide indemnity before expropriation. They insist that there is no real agrarian problem in the State, nor will there be until it is created by the development of irrigation works. Possibly their placidity is due to the defense they have in the normally arid condition of the land, which will hold back small farming until more irrigation is de-

veloped. At present the relatively small number of 38,000 hectares have been expropriated in that State.

The Department of Agriculture continues its active policy of endeavoring to improve farming conditions throughout the Republic. It is sending a respectable number of young men to the best agricultural schools in the United States. It is establishing a new agricultural institution at Chapingo, near Mexico City, and during the past year one of its representatives has been canvassing our agricultural colleges for good instructors to place in that school and at the school at Tacuba in the capital. German agriculturists are also sought. Implements for farm labor are imported duty free. A liberal budget has been requested for the operations of the coming fiscal year. An effort to provide agricultural loan banks to protect small proprietors from extortionate rates of interest in financing their operations has still to be worked out. If extreme radicalism can be prevented from destroying confidence by senseless expropriations, if irrigation and credits can be established to catch pace with needs, the land of Mexico may be brought to contribute a normal measure of the food supplies of which the country stands in such perpetual need. The forced resignation of General Villareal from the Secretaryship of Agriculture last December, after investigation of the acts of his subordinates by the President, may safely be considered a hopeful sign that less radical measures will prevail in future. President Obregón, in sympathy with the revolutionary struggle in behalf of the indigent rural population, indicates a commendable desire to protect property interest to a saner degree than some of his subordinates. The wrath of the nation against age-old agrarian abuses needs careful direction toward sanity, the elimination of political self-interest and social ruthlessness, and admonition that haste made slowly brings the most rapid and substantial progress.

HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY.

RAVENNA

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

*Nulla speranza li conforta mai,
Non che di posa, ma di minor pena.*

DANTE, INFERNO V

How could he write the things he wrote, just here
In her own home where she had once been dear?
I think sometimes he must have caught her eyes
Lighting in swift surprise
Upon those words remote, austere,
Falling from his stern pen,
Just here, just when
She should have seemed most near,
With all the looks and ways
That made that dark house fair,
In the familiar days
While Guido's eagles brooded on the air
That still could kiss her hair.

"No hope of rest or any lesser pain
Shall comfort them again"—
How could he ever bear to think that way,
Here in the tranquil day,
With not a shadow falling on the blue
Of the bright wave she knew?
How could he look on these still cypress trees
Scarce stirring in the breeze,
And write of rushing winds and beating wings
And damned and desperate things?

I like to think the deep, didactic springs
Of those relentless words found birth
In some high region of the poet's mind
While memory lagged behind,—
Being a fond and foolish thing that clings
Forever to the earth,—
And that when afterward he came to look
At what he had to say
Of that young flower that bloomed beside his way,—
Why, then I like to think that in the book
He wrote "no more that day."

CREATION

BY DUBOSE HEYWARD

There is a holiness upon her as she waits
Close by the station gates.
All of the forenoon long
Hasten the restless throng;
Eyes that seem scarcely to live,
Faces with nothing to give,
Swung by the rock of the years
On to their narrow affairs.
Now women come who draw their skirts aside;
And negro porters, braced against the tide
Of beating life, shrug with a smile or sneer,
Seeing her waiting there.

Where the massed shadows crawl
Out from the soaring wall
Her face shows dim and small.
Only her eyes,
Sombre, remote and wise,
Gaze out of æons past
Over today to the vast
Dream of tomorrow.
All of Earth's sorrow
Lies there, and all of Earth's joy;
And the infinite patience that builds
While armies destroy.

These others who beat in a tide
Of turbulent life through the wide
High gates: perhaps they go seeking their fate.
She needs but to wait.

What has she to do with the strife!
Her concern is of Life,
Faint-stirring and small.
Biding its time till the call
Of the Earth for its child

Out of its night to the wild
Glad urge of its day.
So, while they go on their way,
She can wait
By the gate.

While I, who make of my brain and my soul and my hand,
Only a fugitive song for the mirth of the land,
Turn, as the blind must turn to the warmth of the sun,
Reverently, and alone, in the presence of one
Who, mutely and steadfastly, up from the night and the sod,
Is shaping a life in the wonderful likeness of God.

TO ONE IN FLANDERS

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

As on that day, among the red leaves blowing,
We lay and watched the wild hawks windward throng,
You looked at me—and, like thin water flowing,
Time and creed went past;
And old earth sang to us her old wild song.

As on that day—alone, 'mid dead leaves blowing,
I stand and watch the dark ships seaward glide,
And wonder if the Flemish autumn's strowing
Red, low-singing leaves
Where, like stopped water, your wild splendor died.

Do you regret, in fields of ghost-flowers blowing,
The sterner love that cleaved our passion here?
Or do you dream my tears are dewdrops glowing
Round your unmarked sleep?
And do you wake, and weep—I wonder, Dear?

THE INFINITE

[*AFTER LEOPARDI*]

BY FRANCIS ROGERS

I always loved this solitary hill,
And yon green hedge that from my roving glance
Shuts off the low horizon's farthest sweep.
For as in meditation here I sit
I come to sense beyond that distant line
Immeasurable space and stillness deeper far
Than any silence known to mortal ears,
Where for a time my heart can know no fear.
And as the wind goes soughing through the leaves
I listen, and compare that silence infinite
With this soft sound. Then in my mind wells up
The thought of all eternity, of days
Long past and dead; then of the day that is
And what it means to me. And so, deep down
In this immensity of thought I sink;
And sweet it is to drown in such a sea.

INCIDENTAL SCENES AND THE GREEK CHORUS

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

MUST the incidental scenes in Shakespeare be expurgated from an acting version of the plays, or must they be carefully preserved? This question has provoked, from time to time, a good deal of controversy among Shakespeare scholars and producers. It was contended, on the one side, that the author's dramatic technique had not reached perfection, that he was still hampered by mediæval conventions, and that, had he been aware of the progress of stage contrivances, he would have written his plays differently. On the other side it was argued that Shakespeare knew the resources of his art as well as or perhaps even better than the more popular stage manager, and that the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could not be considered, from the point of view of the drama, as a benighted period compared with the twentieth. Generally speaking, one might say that the conflict lay between alteration and scrupulous respect for the original. As long as the adapter was content with the suppression of some irrelevant and apparently superfluous scenes, or parts of scenes, it must be admitted that he had a good case against the scholar, who would have "the text and nothing but the text".

A rapid perusal of the "Irving edition" of Shakespeare's works will give the reader a clear idea of the guiding principles of the adapter. They are easily discernible: All scenes or parts of scenes necessitating a change of scenery, or which do not seem absolutely essential to the development of the action, fall victims to the blue pencil, with the sole exception of the speeches and monologues uttered by the hero, the stage manager's part being, as far as possible, carefully preserved. The introduction of this personal element naturally throws the whole scheme out of balance, but, on closer examination, it becomes plain that it is not so much the starring of the principal character which impresses the reader

or the audience unfavorably as the curtailment or suppression of all so-called adventitious incidents. From a purely logical point of view, these incidents may certainly seem of very small importance. In many cases they are not necessary to the plot, which is not materially altered through their disappearance. But logic is perhaps the weakest point of Shakespeare's art. He seems to have written very much as some of our modern artists paint, by patches, some scenes being thrown into relief by others for no obvious reason, light succeeding to shade and shade to light without being necessarily linked together in the ensemble of the design. Pursuing this train of thought, one wonders whether the incidental scenes which were suppressed with so little respect ten years ago do not belong to the play to the same extent as the principal scenes which were maintained; whether they do not play in the drama of the Renaissance the part of the chorus in the Greek tragedy.

Most arguments used for adapting Shakespeare to the modern taste would militate in favor of curtailing the chorus in a classical performance. The chorus delays the story; it stops the action when it has reached its climax, providing an unexpected anti-climax. It is by no means essential to the plot, and often appears to be thrown in for no other reason than to fill up an interval. True, it often prepares and explains the argument, as does the first chorus in *Agamemnon*. True also, it gives the hero or heroine an opportunity of venting his feelings. But we are not concerned here with the chorus which may, to a certain extent, logically justify its existence, but with the chorus which, as happens frequently, seems as absolutely independent of the action as the incidental scenes of the Renaissance theatre.

There is an excellent example of what we might call an "adventitious" chorus in the *Electra* of Euripides. Orestes and Pylades, unrecognized by Electra, have come to her house. Electra, overjoyed by the news that her brother is still alive, sends the peasant, in whose keeping she has been placed, to seek the old shepherd who reared Agamemnon and saved Orestes's life. Some time elapses between the peasant's departure and the return of the old man who will presently recognize the hero and bring brother and sister together. It is essential to the development of the drama

that the impression caused by the first meeting should sink into the soul of Electra and be at the same time fully realized by the audience, before the climax of recognition is reached. The interval is filled by five strophes sung by the chorus, relating the birth of Achilles and the gift to the hero of divine armor by his mother Thetis and her sister Nereids.

At a later stage, in the same tragedy, the chorus sings of the theft of the Golden Lamb brought by Pan to Atreus. The king's younger brother, Thyestes, with the help of Atreus's wife, stole the lamb, which sin caused great perturbation in the heavens:

'T is a children's tale that old
Shepherds on far hills have told.

During this song, Orestes is supposed to succeed or to fail in his attempt to avenge his father's death. Electra has dismissed him, bidding him to "be a man to-day", and awaits the result of the tragic venture, her sword lying across her knees, "for never, though they kill me," she declares, "shall they touch my living limbs."

In a note, Professor Gilbert Murray tells us that these choric songs "are markedly what Aristotle calls *ἐμβόλιμα*, 'things thrown in'." They have no effect on the action and form little more than musical "relief".

Logically, the thing is absurd. There is no more reason for the chorus to remind us of Achilles's birth in the first instance, than for recounting the story of the Golden Lamb in the second. After Orestes's departure silence would be the only natural attitude assumed by any crowd in such circumstances. The crowd would await intently the first cry announcing the hero's failure or victory. Instead of this, we are asked to listen to a half-forgotten story told by "white-haired folk" in Argos. The song is calm, devoid of all passion; no attempt is even made to connect the sin of Thyestes with that of Clytemnestra. The poet's only idea seems to be to provide some relief to the tenseness of the dramatic situation, to show that in the midst of the darkest tragedy light and beauty are still shining:

And Pan who holdeth the keys of the wild,
Bore it (the lamb) to Atreus's feet:
His wild reed pipes he blew,
And the reeds were filled with peace,
And a joy of singing over him flew,
Over the fiery fleece.

Another striking instance of adventitious chorus may be found in *Œdipus* after the abrupt exit of Jocasta, who rushes to her doom, and the entrance of the old shepherd, from whom the king later forces evidence of his guilt. Œdipus has just uttered his over-confident speech, "Break what break will . . .", when the chorus celebrates their Theban mountain Kitharion, where the divine foundling was exposed:

O mountain of Thebes, a new Theban shall praise thee,
One born of thy bosom, one nursed at thy springs;
And the old men shall dance to thy glory, and raise thee
To worship, O bearer of joy to my kings.

"This joyous Chorus," writes Professor Gilbert Murray, "strikes a curious note. Of course it forms a good contrast with what follows, but how can the Elders take such a serenely happy view of the discovery that Œdipus is a foundling just after they have been alarmed at the exit of Jocasta?" The only answer seems to be that dramatic technique requires, at this special moment, a note of relief, which must be struck by the chorus despite all other considerations. Such behavior, on the part of any of the principal characters, would be impossible. It is left to the anonymous crowd to show blind irresponsibility.

It may be objected that these are extreme examples and that, as a rule, the choric utterances are more directly connected with the story. All choruses are not adventitious. Some, as already stated, introduce and explain the main action; others fill the part of the faithful attendant. But, when due account is taken of these, there remain a number of choric songs whose only purpose seems to be to provide a certain relief when the drama approaches or reaches its climax, and which are either entirely independent or only vaguely connected with the plot. They stand generally in complete contrast to the feelings which would be obviously inspired by the dramatic situation. Thus, in *Antigone*, the invocation to Love after the fierce discussion between Creon and Halmon; and, later in the drama, the solemn hymn to Zeus following Teiresias's ominous prophecy. In both cases the chorus, after acting as an attendant to Creon (through their leader), create the required diversion, abruptly altering their attitude of mind from anxious entreaty to inspired exaltation.

Out of the three main tasks of the Greek chorus, two at least are fulfilled by the incidental scenes of the Renaissance theatre. On the Shakespearean stage it is no longer the chorus which gives the reply to the principal character, but some faithful friend, like Horatio or Kent, while frequent use is made of the monologue. From this point of view, Nerissa, Emilia and Celia may be connected with the conventional *confidente* of the French tragedy.

It would be easy to quote any number of incidental scenes, such as the meeting of Duncan and the Sergeant (*Macbeth* I, 2), and the dialogue between Kent and a Gentleman (*King Lear* III, 1), whose obvious task is to introduce and explain the plot. These must necessarily be maintained in the stage production or introduced in another scene in order to preserve the continuity of the story. They do not belong to the category of adventitious scenes with which we are specially concerned.

A second group of incidental scenes seems far less connected with the action. They include only a few characters of secondary importance, or hitherto unknown to the audience, and deal with matters which have a very small bearing on the subject of the play. Wherefore should we in *Macbeth*, for instance, listen to the ravings of a drunken porter immediately after the climax of the murder scene and just before the still greater climax when the murder is discovered (II, 3)? Why should we find a piece of idle street gossip between Ross and an Old Man after the great commotion caused by this discovery (II, 4)? Why again, in *Hamlet*, does the scene of Laertes's departure follow the one in which the prince hears for the first time of his dead father's wanderings, while Polonius's elaborate instructions to Reynaldo follow the first apparition of the king's ghost to his son? There is in *Julius Cæsar* a dialogue between Cicero and Casca (I, 3) which reminds us of the scene between Ross and the Old Man. It records similar wonderful omens. It takes place in the storm before the meeting of the conspirators, at the very time when Brutus's resolution hardens; it leads us away from the main purpose of the drama, while indirectly bringing us back to it through the atmosphere it creates. Further on in the play (III, 3), the short scene when Cinna the poet is put to death by a mad crowd, being mistaken for Cinna the conspirator, affords a

diversion and an anti-climax after the forum scene in which Antony rouses the populace against Cæsar's murderers.

Shakespeare was fond of such ironical contrasts. They frequently take the form of a humorous monologue coming after a tragic climax. The Fool's prophecy follows on the mad ravings of King Lear (III, 2), just as Edgar's monologue provides some relief after the mock trial (III, 6). The latter sounds very much like a Greek chorus philosophizing on some dreadful occurrence:

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.

Thus, the concluding chorus in *Ædipus*:

Lo, he is fallen, and around great storms and the outreaching sea!
Therefore, O Man, beware, and look toward the end of things that be,
The last of nights, the last of days; and no man's life account as gain
Ere the full tale be finished and the darkness find him without pain.

There are striking differences between the typical incidental scene of the Shakespearean drama and the adventitious chorus of the Greek tragedy. The latter ranges from the most commonplace comment on the events just witnessed to some entirely detached piece of lyrical poetry. The first always preserves some connection with the story and does not reach the same height of poetical inspiration. But both aim at creating a timely diversion in order to relax the tension of the tragedy and give the audience some breathing space in order to realize all that is past and to prepare themselves for what is to come. Whether this is done through the introduction of extraneous songs and solemn hymns or through some humorous or matter-of-fact episode, the result is the same. Our imagination may be as much refreshed by a piece of street gossip as by hearing the strains of great music. Shakespeare favors the more familiar and intimate method. He wants us never to forget that while great kings are murdered and the world is shaken by the most violent commotions, people are still living, walking, eating, singing along the road. This feeling is in the background of all his tragedies, it forms the very atmosphere in which his heroes move. To strip the drama of the

scenes which provide this atmosphere is to cut out a figure from a picture and isolate it from its surroundings. It alters all the values of color and design. It takes all relief from the performance, which becomes strained and artificial, piling up effect upon effect to such an extent that the tension becomes unbearable. It produces exactly the same result which would follow the suppression of the chorus. The latter has never, I suppose, been contemplated, owing to the moderate length of the Greek tragedy. It would be, if anything, more justifiable. The principle which ought to guide the producer of dramas such as *Hamlet* or *Othello*, which it is obviously impossible to produce in their entirety, ought to be the preservation of a certain proportion between trivial incidents and great scenes.

The incidental scenes and the chorus must be preserved, not on account of a scrupulous respect for the original, but because they are essential to the general effect of the drama. They are to be maintained, not so much for their intrinsic beauty as for the beauty they confer on the more striking episodes.

We possess in the history of literature an example of tragedy without chorus and an example of drama without incidental scenes. It would be futile to compare the tragedy of Corneille and Racine to that of Sophocles and Euripides. The French tragics seldom reach the bedrock of human nature; the passions of their heroes are severely controlled by the laws and conventions of a disciplined and highly cultured society. The need for relaxation is therefore felt to a far less degree, but, in spite of this, it is easy to realize what the French tragedy has lost through the substitution for the chorus of the *confident* and *confidente* when we read *Esther* and *Athalie*, in which, exceptionally, the chorus is again introduced. In the same way, though Shakespeare exerted a considerable influence on Victor Hugo and his followers, the failure of the French romantic drama in the nineteenth century must be largely attributed to the efforts made by modern dramatists to adapt their works to the exigencies of the modern stage; that is to say, while breaking with the three unities, to concentrate the action as much as possible within a few scenes of striking effect. Here again the rule is proved by the exception, Alfred de Musset, who makes frequent use of the incidental scene,

being the only romantic playwright whose work does not savor of melodrama.

The views of our contemporary dramatists with regard to chorus and incidental scenes are difficult to ascertain, owing to the very small number of historical or legendary plays which are given the honor of a public production. There are, however, some evident signs pointing towards the restoration of such essential parts of the technique of the stage. Consciously or unconsciously, our contemporary poets realize the mistake from which the modern stage has suffered so long. Maeterlinck in the earliest part of his career (1890-1898) re-introduced the incidental scenes into French dramatic works. *Pélléas and Mélisande*, for instance, contains some typical examples of episodes which are, if anything, still more remote from the story of the play than any incidental scenes to be found in the Shakespearean theatre. His example has been followed more recently by Claudel, in *L'Annonce faite à Marie*, and by John Drinkwater, who has again given a prominent part to the chorus in his *Abraham Lincoln*.

Not taking into account the mediæval mystery and morality play, human genius has been able to create only two forms of serious plays: the tragedy, in which unity of time and place are generally observed, and the drama, in which the action is broken up into as many scenes as the imagination of the author may provide. It is doubtful whether any new form will be invented independently of these two fundamental types. But whether the one or the other of these types be adopted, the chorus in the first case, and the incidental scenes in the second, may be considered as intimately attached to it and as providing the subtlest means of dramatic expression which literary tradition has been able to create.

EMILE CAMMAERTS.

GEORG BRANDES IN LIFE AND LETTERS

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

AT certain periods in the life of any man who has attained fame it is customary to glance in retrospect across the years that have gone to the making of the sum total of his recognized achievement. In the case of some noted writer it may be the twenty-fifth anniversary of literary activity that furnishes the incentive for a reëxamination of endeavor. Or perhaps the attaining of his three-score and ten brings renewed publicity to bear on an author with international reputation. Again, it may remain for Father Time to wield his scythe before the public comes to a full realization of what such a personality meant to his generation.

In the case of Georg Brandes, whose eightieth birthday occurs on February 4, not only is he still among the living and in the full possession of all his remarkable faculties, but the honors paid him on November 3 last, on account of the fiftieth anniversary of his first lecture at the University of Copenhagen, proved a most impressive demonstration of how this noted critic is valued in his home country. It is not to be overlooked that on that memorable occasion half a century ago, when Brandes first appeared on the University lecture platform and expounded ideas that were widely looked upon with horror, the man who to-day is considered worthy to be classed with Sainte-Beuve and Taine was nothing less than anathema in the eyes of the conservatives. The torchlight procession of November 3, however, the great tributes paid to him who is now hailed as Master, the address by Brandes himself when he spoke on Homer in his own inimitable manner, all went to show that a prophet after all is sometimes honored in his own land.

One of the interesting features of this celebration was the spontaneity with which men of all religious, political and literary creeds hailed him as the forerunner of that Liberalism which now characterizes Danish affairs. As a matter of fact, Brandes needs no

apologist at this late day. From the first appearance of his *Dualism in Our Newest Philosophy*, written at the age of twenty-one, to the publication of *Michelangelo*, his writings have been landmarks in European literary history. In America, he is perhaps best known as the author of *William Shakespeare, a Critical Study*. This, naturally enough, may be due to the fact that for some years this book has been available in English.

Few writers of any period or any country have done more than Brandes toward clarifying historical facts by means of picturesque description. He was only twenty years old when he was awarded the gold medal of the University of Copenhagen for his essay dealing with the fatalistic tendencies among the ancients. Philosophy and æsthetics were his particular studies. The lucidity of his style and the delightful manner in which he could convert any dry-as-dust subject into something entertaining was out of the ordinary at that day, and surprised the staid pedagogues of the University not a little. In reality, from the very earliest time he had to assume the defensive. He had opened a new vein, but it was for him to prove that the ore brought to the surface was pure and indestructible.

Obtaining his doctor's degree, Brandes spent several years in travel. It was then that he met such men as Mill, Taine, and Renan, whose influence on that particular period was indisputable. Nor did they fail to impress a mind which like his was receptive to a degree. Their progressive ideals appealed wonderfully to this young Dane, who early became familiar with the leading languages of Europe and who thus was able to investigate for himself the literary treasures of the various countries. It goes without saying that without his knowledge of the English language he could never have produced a work like his *Shakespeare*. And the same can be said with respect to his *Goethe*, *Voltaire*, *Julius Cæsar* and *Michelangelo*.

It was on his return to Denmark, when he was not yet thirty, that Brandes began to deliver at the University of Copenhagen the series of lectures which did nothing less than revolutionize history-teaching in northern Europe. He humanized epochal events, by centering the attention upon this or that great personality. The fruits of this series of lectures we find incorporated in

his *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*. Delivered over a period of more than ten years, these lectures furnish perhaps one of the best accounts extant concerning the subject.

Going back, then, to the time of the German-Danish war of the 'sixties, we find Brandes working with might and main to raise the Danes from the intellectual stupor into which they were gradually falling as a result of the loss of Schleswig. Bad as it was that the province had been lost to the country, he declared with emphasis that it was not a time to sit down and mourn. He stirred up his countrymen to a realization of the fact that they had their own intellectual house to put in order. He fought self-sufficiency at home with every instrument at his command. He never doubted that some day the great wrong done to Denmark would be righted. But he did not believe in the impossible. Chauvinism has no abiding place with him. It was no fault of his that he was misunderstood with regard to Danish neutrality or the return of Schleswig. Always he has stood the loyal champion of the South Jutlanders in their desire to rejoin the mother country. The Schleswig plebiscite, with its happy result, owes much more to him than is ordinarily known.

The literary career of Georg Brandes extends over a period of more than sixty years. From 1866 to the present time his range of production touches almost every subject of literary importance. He reveals his purpose as a writer in the concluding chapter of his *Shakespeare*:

Even a long human life is so brief and fugitive that it seems little short of a miracle that it can leave traces behind which endure through the centuries. The millions die and sink into oblivion and their deeds die with them. A thousand so far conquer death as to leave their names to be a burden to the memories of school-children, but convey little else to posterity. But some few master-minds remain; among them Shakespeare ranks with Leonardo. He was hardly laid in his grave when he rose from it again. Of all the names of this earth, none is more certain of immortality than that of Shakespeare.

It is in the identical spirit that Brandes treated Shakespeare that previously he wrote of such commanding figures as Disraeli, Lassalle, Ibsen, Heine, Björnson, and the many personalities that go to make up the galaxy in his *Men of the Modern Transition*. The Great War brought renewed interest to bear on his *Impressions of*

Russia and Impressions of Poland, written more than thirty years ago. Students of events in those countries to-day may find considerable profit in comparing Brandes's impressions with what he had to say more recently about the people of those nations. He certainly did not remain silent following the overthrow of the Czar and the coming of the revolution. He is as much against the red Bolshevism of Russia as against the obstructive policies of those who call themselves "white" in those lands. Before the recent change in Soviet-ruled Russia he delivered himself of the following, which is not without its significance to-day:

The more completely Europe lets Russia alone, the more readily Europe allows the Russian Republic to put its own house in order, the quicker will the Russians view Europe in its right perspective and let the European nations do what they think is best for them. It is the experience of history that any political agitation left alone by the world at large becomes tempered gradually, loses its particular stamp of violence, and actually changes from within, so that it more and more balances in the scale with its surroundings.

Is it not a fact that something to the above effect is actually taking place in Russia, even though the outside world has not entirely kept aloof from Russian national affairs? As for Brandes's internationalism, nearly thirty-three years before the World War he made certain pertinent references to the Germany of the future which bear repeating now:

The love of liberty, in the English sense, is to be found in Germany only among men of the generation which within ten years will have disappeared. And when that time comes Germany will lie alone, isolated, hated by the neighboring countries; a stronghold of conservatism in the centre of Europe. Around it, in Italy, in France, in Russia, in the North, there will arise a generation imbued with international ideas and eager to carry them out in life. But Germany will lie there, old and half stifled in her coat of mail, armed to the teeth, and protected by all the weapons of murder and defense which science can invent.

Passing from the domain of political internationalism to that of books, it is interesting to find how the American visit of Georg Brandes in 1914, shortly before the Great War, focused attention on his *Shakespeare*. Much could be written about this visit, which brought the American people face to face with a personality that quickly found himself at home with the Western spirit. Indeed, a unique connection was seen between this modern in-

terpreter of the Melancholy Dane of Shakespeare and that Hamlet who has sent the fame of Denmark throughout the world.

In one of his American lectures, Brandes declared that the character of Hamlet is the true picture of the mind of Shakespeare at the time he wrote the drama:

In *Hamlet*, Shakespeare puts the cloak of motley on his own shoulders. He well understood the value of indirect expression, and the fact that wisdom cuts deeper when thrown out as folly. Shakespeare lived all Hamlet's experiences. Shortly before writing the drama his father had died,—not by assassination, it is true; and his mother had not degraded herself,—but the patron of his youth, Southampton and Essex, had died; the woman he loved had proved false and heartless, a friend had conspired against him with this woman, and his prospects of winning the poet's wreath were slim. At first he was submissive under these misfortunes. He was stunned. Later he took his revenge incognito through the scathing invective of *Hamlet*. He makes Hamlet speak not as a prince but, as when he speaks of the "oppressor's scorn" and the "proud man's contumely", in the manner of one who has been outraged by the sight of stupidity lording it in high places. The bright view of life which characterized his youth was overcast, and his disappointment voices itself in Hamlet's expression of weariness of life.

There seems to be something of a Hamlet in Brandes's very way of looking at humankind. To get at the analogy, however, it is necessary to go back to his earlier writings, to review once more his battles for recognition, his friendships and the many enemies he made when first he broke a lance with conservatism and "the stupidity lording it in high places". It is this word "stupidity" that occurs and recurs again and again in the writings of Brandes. He loathes the very thought of mankind undermining its own usefulness because it refuses to think for itself and use common sense. As for finding the true Georg Brandes as he reveals himself to-day it is necessary to go to his *Michelangelo*.

It is impossible here to treat in detail of the various productions of Brandes; it must be sufficient merely to mention the great array that includes, besides the books already referred to, such other works as *Æsthetic Studies*, *Criticisms and Portraits*, *Men and Works in the Newer European Literature*, *Ludvig Holberg*, *Danish Personalities*, *Foreign Personalities*, *Foreign Regions and Personalities*, *Youthful Poems*, *Autobiography*, *Bird Perspective*, etc., and finally, the great companion pieces to *Shakespeare*:—

Goethe, Voltaire, Cæsar and Michelangelo. His *Goethe* appeared in 1915, and Brandes says that it was largely due to the war and his involuntary stay at home that he was able to complete those two massive volumes. No ardent Frenchman, whatever his criticism of the Danish writer for his neutral attitude during the war, could possibly find fault with the manner in which Goethe is presented here. In fact, the philosophic calm of the great German poet as the Fatherland was invaded by foreign armies is emphasized further by Brandes who writes as follows:

Goethe by no means saw in Napoleon the demolisher of the German Fatherland. He had never known such a Fatherland. On July 27, 1807, he wrote that he could not hide his impatience when people bewailed the loss of something that not one person in Germany knew anything about. He did not look upon foreign domination as a disgrace. On the contrary, in the place of numerous small states, badly ruled, there had come a smaller number governed more in the modern spirit, in consonance with the principles of the French Revolution, which first now impressed him as they were embodied in a great personality. . . . Goethe's lack of interest in the so-called War of Liberation did hurt the nation's sensibilities. Perhaps the war was for the purpose of gaining national independence, but on the other hand it brought back the entire reaction of the past. Hence his words: "They do this to no purpose. The man is too big for them."

Brandes says that there was something in Goethe's nature which precluded him from ever becoming popular. He was too big and unapproachable to be valued by more than a minority. As for the Goethe-worship, exemplified in the reverence shown him in the years following the Revolution of 1848, Brandes writes that it was not until the establishment of the German Empire that it took hold in earnest. "Not until after that event was the worship of Germany's foremost mind made part of the national system."

Brandes's relations with intellectual Germany dates back to the time when he left Denmark as a protest against a certain opposition which felt itself in danger because of the pronounced liberalism of the young scholar who had expected to succeed to the chair of *Æsthetics* at the University on the death of the then incumbent. Remaining in Germany several years, Brandes quickly established himself among the literary notables of the southern country. His familiarity with German literature and his remarkable treatment of Goethe as man and scholar are easily

traceable to that period. In the same connection it is worth mentioning that years ago the University of Copenhagen through its highest functionaries acknowledged that it did wrong in not offering him the *Æsthetic* professorship when Brandes desired it. This sentiment was expressed once more during the recent celebration when Professor J. L. Heiberg on behalf of the University referred to the injustice done the noted Dane.

It is unquestionably a fact that Brandes's literary predilections are favorable to the French. For this reason it was to be expected that in his *Voltaire* he would give free rein to his great admiration for the people with whom he has so many things in common. As in the case of Goethe, so Brandes for many years had occupied himself with the French cynic. He draws an interesting comparative picture of the two intellectual giants, as follows:

Goethe and Voltaire resemble each other very little with regard to their mental make-ups; they are alike in that intensity and universality that gave them dominion in the intellectual world. In science, Voltaire was a mere disseminator of ideas. He was a scholar, but did not create, as did Goethe. His grounding in mathematics stood him in good stead in his investigations. This Goethe lacked. But Voltaire, as a physicist, lacked Goethe's independence, and yet, in contrast to his gifted successor on the throne of literature, he abounded in that hard, sound sense which enabled him to grasp the real value of Newton's theories. In his case, in fact, human knowledge was developed to such a degree of clarity and brilliancy that it became the equivalent to genius. And in his writing of history he was undoubtedly Goethe's superior. His *History of Charles XII* and *Essays on Moral* were epochal in their effect.

Pages could be written about Brandes's *Julius Cæsar*, which is an entirely different Cæsar from him whom Shakespeare pictures. Brandes says:

It was because of Shakespeare's lack of historical and classical culture that the incomparable grandeur of the figure of Cæsar left him unmoved. He depressed and debased the figure to make room for the development of the central character in his drama,—to wit, Marcus Brutus, whom, following Plutarch's idealizing example, he depicted as a Stoic of almost flawless nobility. Brutus had to be the centre and pivot of everything, Cæsar was therefore diminished and belittled to such a degree, unfortunately, that this matchless genius in war and statesmanship becomes a miserable caricature. Generation after generation has been educated to see in Cæsar the representative of lust of power, in Brutus the hero of liberty. That honor fell to the weakest head among those surrounding Cæsar.

In *Michelangelo* there is so much of Brandes himself that it is quite apparent that in no other book can we gain a better insight into the idiosyncrasies of the Danish scholar. His estimate of Michelangelo is set forth succinctly in the following sentence: "In 1871, when for the first time I stepped within the Sistine Chapel, I told myself: 'At last you are in the presence of that mind which of all mind-forces has struck deepest into your soul.'" It is in this spirit that the book is written. Many of the obstacles that confronted Michelangelo in his long and strenuous career, the envy that met him at every point and attempted to belittle his achievements, his indomitable will power and his creative genius, find their counterparts in much that Brandes experienced before the world finally acknowledged his genius. Faced by a bibliography that for more than four hundred years had occupied itself with Michelangelo, Brandes set to work to add his own interpretation to the many that had gone before. This in itself was no small task. But it seems quite certain that the Danish writer considered himself in duty bound to pay this tribute to the man who had influenced his life-work so decidedly. How Brandes understands the art of making environment effective in leading up to characterization of personality we learn at the very beginning of the book, where he writes:

When to-day one visits Florence for the first time, it is customary, in order to obtain a good view of the city, to take a drive along the Via dei Colli, the road which twists in and out like some broad winding stairway, up the hills where Michelangelo built fortifications for the defense of Florence. If the month is May, the tour is through a veritable flower-garden (which gives Florence its name), through an atmosphere fragrant with the scent of thousands upon thousands of roses; and at each turn of the road the vista reveals more and more of the fine and rarified landscape, through which winds the Arno River, and in which, like some mosaic flower in the bottom of a bowl, Florence appears, with its cathedral, with Giotto's bell-tower in black and white marble, with its palaces, equally suited to defense and festival, and with its wonderfully decorated churches and cloisters.

It was on that hill, in 1875, that a great monument in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of Michelangelo's birth was unveiled to Florence's greatest son—the greatest still, even though we do not forget Dante. Here, Michelangelo's David in bronze rests high upon its marble base, and from it extend reclining bronze figures, replicas of Morning, Evening, Day and Night, in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

It is a well-known fact that the discovery of Friedrich Nietzsche to the northern nations, if not even to Germany herself, was due to Georg Brandes, who found in this philosopher something so entirely new that he felt he had to make the world acquainted with it. The Nietzsche-Brandes correspondence, available in English, shows to what extent the German scholar realized his indebtedness to his Danish colleague. On Nietzsche's death, in August, 1900, Brandes took occasion to write about him:

To be able to explain Nietzsche's rapid and overwhelming triumph, one would want the key to the secret of the psychological life of our time. He bewitched the age, though he seems opposed to all its instincts. The age is ultra-democratic; he won its favors as an aristocrat. The age is borne on a rising wave of religious reaction; he conquered with his pronounced irreligion. The age is struggling with social questions of the most difficult and far-reaching kind; he, the thinker of the age, left all of these questions on one side as of secondary importance. He was an enemy of the humanitarianism of the present day and its doctrine of happiness. For all that he must in some hidden way have been in accord with much that is fermenting in our time, otherwise it would not have adopted him, as it has done.

With all this, and however much Brandes stood spokesman for Nietzsche, he strenuously denies that he is a disciple of this German superman. "When I became acquainted with him," he wrote some years ago, "I was long past the age at which it is possible to change one's fundamental view of life."

In what has been said here about the works of Georg Brandes the question may easily be asked, as he asked in the case of Nietzsche: What is the value of this man? Are his books interesting? That he has influenced his generation, there is no doubt. One need not be in entire sympathy with his philosophy of life to follow his literary standard and take example from his penetrative faculty for getting at the bottom of things. When present friends and one-time foes unite so wonderfully in paying tribute to the genius of Georg Brandes in his home land, the reason is not far to seek why he stands acclaimed a leader in the world of thought and expression.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

THE ENGLISH TEA

BY MURIEL HARRIS

IF the English tea has not always been the foundation of English society, it is simply because Marco Polo began his travels a few centuries late. The germ of English tea was as much a part of the English constitution as is the Bible, Beethoven, or Blighty. And just as the Germans feel that Shakespeare should have been born in their Fatherland, so it scarcely occurs to the English mind that China tea really comes from China and Indian from India. And even if it does, what is China? What is India? Both are places to which the Englishman takes England and brings it safely home again. And tea? Tea was being poured in the panelled drawing-room when he left England, and seven years later he comes back for his second cup. It is as impossible for the Englishman to forget English tea as it is for him to forget England.

There are grandmothers to-day who remember the severity with which their grandmothers regarded the decadent innovation of afternoon tea. You might have tea, but you might not have it comfortably. It was brought in under protest, and conversation languished until it was taken out again. And yet the Great War was run on tea, and the submarine sinkings and the convoy system and the munitions question and the War Cabinet itself were suspended regularly every afternoon for a few minutes when the little black tea-pot made its peremptory appearance, flanked with what had once been cake and toast but now was—it is difficult to say what it was in 1918. The apotheosis of tea took place during the Great War. More than this. A certain Georgian virility returned with it. The “dish of tay” which was drunk alike by men and by women after the portentous three and four and five o’clock dinners of more than a century ago, again became masculine as well as feminine. Perhaps it was more the one than the other by the time the war

was finished. Certainly the solvent that is tea accommodated a million inter-relationships where friction was possible. If nothing more, it was the weakness to which the truly great succumbed as readily as any one of their minions. Queen Anne is dead—though she was once a real person with a marked liking for playing at the game of “Let’s Pretend”—but her tall glass cupboards with their Lowestoft and egg-shell china found real successors in the rude earthenware of the funny, ramshackle, shabby old Whitehall buildings which constitute the heart of the British Empire. If you go to Regent’s Park to-day, if you visit the pleasant town of Cheltenham or of Bath, you will see by the hundred the houses in which the “dish of tay” flaunted it with parrots and negro servants and marmosets and coiffures of astounding geography. You will see where the Nabobs lived and you will hear faint echoes of John Company, and perhaps also some of the fantastic old tea-chests will remain and the red lacquer trays and the dragon china, and a memory of the days when the trial of Warren Hastings was the gossip of the day and a few other Anglo-Indians felt uneasy, even though the word “profiteering” had not yet been invented. And so the old Government offices, in which the Pepys and the Norths—also of tea fame—and the Pitts and the Foxes had had their being, positively clamored for the revival of the beverage of which the regalia was still there.

Nor could an institution be neglected which so instantly reflected the genius of the times. It is only necessary to compare the classic Georgian tea-service with the redundant curves of the Victorian tea-pot; the Victorian tea-pot—prosperous, stout-waistcoated—with the miscellany, the democratic diversity, if you will, of the Great War china—the silver was mostly at the Bank—to realize the part in English society played by tea. And why? Because tea—afternoon tea, nowadays, and not the ten o’clock nightcap of the Victorian era—makes a halfway house between English formality and English expansion. Strangers are often at pains to reconcile the English stiffness and coldness with the expansiveness of the English house and its manner of hospitality. In one sense, the Englishman’s house is his castle, strongly barred against intruders, extremely jealous of its pri-

vacy, resentful of any attempt to penetrate its fastnesses. In another, it is an open door, welcoming, free, hospitable. You have to be given the freedom of the castle and it is yours. Without this freedom, you are a mere outsider. The English tea is at once a preliminary to this freedom and a relaxation from the forms of life. There is no set service, no special time within an hour or so. It comes after the day's efforts and provides the little stimulus which overcomes fatigue. The shining silver reflecting the leaping fire, the sound of the kettle, the warm scent of the flowers, the low book-box or stand, full perhaps of brand new books, all these elements which have grown up round the tea function, provide a quiet, expansive atmosphere in which both friend and family can feel themselves most perfectly at home. The secretive Englishman delivers himself most astoundingly at tea. You have a share in his confidences. For once he becomes conversational, easy, even eloquent. There are subjects suited for the dinner-table; the people who breakfast with each other are usually the rulers of our destinies; lunch is an uneasy meal, booted and spurred for the afternoon's avocations. At tea there are no rules—nothing but arm-chairs and relaxation and informal converse, and perhaps the children in clean frocks for an hour or so before dinner. The tea-hour represents the English home in its fullest sense in that it conveys a sense of intimacy even to the stranger. He can see the household out of the office, off the stage, when it is content thus to dispense with the trappings of ceremony and of form.

Perhaps the penetration of the English tea into the Versailles Conference was one of the most remarkable of its achievements. In a sense, of course, the Conference was itself something of a return to a state of society when society was small and international and not, as to-day, large and intensely national. Nobody who was unconnected with the Conference had for the moment any particular interest, and a limited and cosmopolitan society was thus the cynosure of every eye. When Mr. Balfour diverted M. Clémenceau with tea, it was an international incident, in the sense almost that upon the frown of a king's mistress depended the fate of nations. And it was tea made with canned milk, too! Was it a ruse of the wily Lloyd George?

Did he realize how tea helped the inarticulate Englishman? How it gave him something to do with his hands, filled in the pauses in his conversation, compensated for his French—or lack of it—and, most of all among the voluble Latins, gave him the feeling of being after all at home?

For the Englishman has to feel at home in order to deliver himself at all. The Frenchman is most truly gracious in public. The *beau geste*, of its nature, implies an audience. The German needs officialdom, almost a book of etiquette, behind him, to be most impressive. For the things he cares most about he puts on a uniform; for the things an Englishman cares most about, he takes off his uniform, or never puts it on. And the English tea is for the Englishman the taking off of his uniform and feeling himself at home and therefore free to act and speak. In India he divests himself of officialdom and takes his tea. In China he brings England into the home of tea, just as, after a life-time, he takes China back to England and his porcelain and his jade and his Mandarin robes and his carved ebony for the back-ground of the tea-table. It is the oddest thing to see in Cairo or Quebec English chintzes and perhaps an array of photographs in court trains upon which is the name of a South Kensington photographer; to drink tea among these household gods, just as though the thermometer were not above a hundred or below zero and the Red Sea and the St. Lawrence River were merely the Thames a little geographically displaced. It is the oddest thing to return to South Kensington and Regent's Park and again to drink the self-same blend amid brass bowls and mirrored hangings; amid perhaps Egyptian hieroglyphs and ushabtis; or amid assegais and Zulu shields and elephant tusks and lion skins.

For here again the Englishman's home may be his castle, but it is also his point of departure. You might define it as a place to come back to—and to come back to from Asia or Africa or the South Pole, laden—as John Company used to be laden—with shawls and spices, with the insignia of your travels which you laid at the foot of the steaming altar in the drawing-room. There are hundreds of these homes in England, repositories of successive tides of travel spoils, each of which leaves its high

water mark. And the tea-kettle goes steaming on, whether it be surrounded with stuffed birds from Australia or kakemonos from Japan or carved chessmen from India, or latest of all, polished shell-cases and shell-noses and German helmets and saw-bayonets, trophies of the last tide in the English adventure.

Perhaps the oddest contrast of all was tea in the Tower of London itself, in the building where Sir Walter Raleigh languished and wrote his *History of the World*, himself the typical Englishman who loved England to go away from her. And the tea-kettle hissed and bubbled as though the twelve-foot walls were upon no Roman site, as though no countless tragedies of Kings and Queens and courtiers had filled the very atmosphere. Perhaps the Englishman is lacking in the sense of time or place. Perhaps he has so complete a sense of continuity that time and place do not matter. Perhaps again, his one-idea-ed mind sees only that one thing is right and that thing must be done. It would account for his stolid bringing to America of eighteenth century bricks for his house in the cockle shells of the period, although boundless forests were at his disposal. It would account equally for his perfect naturalness in applying his own customs amid the most incongruous surroundings. Of course he has his tea, whether he is in London or in Timbuctoo; whether empires are falling or rising. It is the same instinct which makes him apply quite gravely the English form of government to the Kaffir or the Yoruba peoples. *Civis Romanus sum*; and tea is part of it all, part of a great freemasonry.

In the life of every country there are certain illuminating moments in the day. The Frenchman dines with mellowness and joy in living. The American thrills by doing something differently. The German expands under the influence of opera with ham sandwiches. The English love of formalism makes tea a regular institution and then proceeds to remove any suggestion of regularity about it, except its every day existence. Nor does this apply to any particular class. The cottage tea with its big loaf and its thick black liquor is just as much of an institution as is the Cathedral tea with a delicate blend from China and thin bread and butter. There is the same warm, generous feeling about it as in the crispness of the falling leaf and

the pungent smell of its burning and the glow of the flames against the blue mist of the darkening autumn afternoon. The English drawing-room is nearly always formless. It has just come about; it is rarely conscious. And the English tea-party is formless too, apart from its being an institution; apart from the sense of its always having been. Now, it is a gathering in an old London house, on the gates of which places for the link-man's torches still survive. And the guests come in at any time, and there is no guest of honor, though affairs of state may be settled or a plea put through for somebody's appointment, or a traveller may have returned from a big game expedition, or a writer may have uttered a *mot* which penetrates to all the groups in the various corners of the room, who are as publicly private as it is possible to be. Now, it is definitely a tea-party in an old provincial or cathedral town. And old ladies wear their seed-pearls, and, proud of their ancient family, look quite incredibly shabby, and the room is uncommonly full of furniture of every period, and there are glass cases with miniatures and perhaps a wax relief portrait or two, of which, if you are favored, you may be told that it was my great-uncle, who served under Lord X— during his first ministry. "Yes, I do value them a good deal." And there is nothing of the antique shop about it, because the things have always been there, have accumulated there. And here sometimes a lion may be found, though it is not openly confessed. And if he can be persuaded to roar, why then, there is all the more to talk of afterwards and it is very pleasant of course to hear of something from the great world and perhaps to learn that Dr. Y—— is to have the next bishopric. And the atmosphere is warm and friendly and quite incredibly dignified, and the young people whisper together, and in a few days it all begins again, only the exquisite lustre and the Queen Anne silver and the Chippendale tray are in a different house, and the glass table contains a tray of orders, and my great-uncle is this time my great-grandfather or a cousin who fought under Wellington. And once again, it is perhaps tea in the University town. And the rusty dons make jokes at each other's expense, and Greek and Latin tags fly round, and sometimes the fresh-faced undergraduate looks in and his breezy slang can be heard

penetrating the attenuated accents of the Oxford manner. And nobody is very rich and many are very poor and this is an exclusive society, and town—meaning the inhabitants—and gown—meaning the University—are separated by a great gulf, and there is the same study and the same reference books and the same dust upon the writing-table, and there is the same tea-kettle, the fountainhead of all the converse, indeed of all the gathering.

Withal, perhaps the English tea is best alone; when it comes in of its own accord and is set down silently by your great arm-chair near the fire. And you reach out to it vaguely from the engrossing book upon your knee, and you read and dream and sip your tea and relax beatifically, and the day seems smoothed out and you walk on air and a spell is over you, pointed only by the rhythm of a falling coal, and you are conscious of a great release.

MURIEL HARRIS.

AN ARTISAN POET

BY DEWI J. WILLIAMS

THAT cultural achievement is not incompatible with manual labor has many times been proved, and it is one of the cheering signs in a materialistic age that the lot of peasants and artisans in all countries is taking an upward trend into the field of thought while not deserting that of action. In no people has this combination of culture and labor been more apparent than in the Welsh, the bulk of whom are peasants and "working men", but with a tradition and history for literary effort that go back some fourteen centuries. That Wales has not been awarded her place among the greatest literary nations can be traced to a complexity of causes, one of which is the inherent difficulty of adequate and accurate translation of Celtic poetry into a Teutonic language. But there has recently been published a volume of verse written in English, and so within the scope of all Anglo-Saxon lovers of literature. The book is entitled *Through the Upcast Shaft*, and comprises the poetic work of a young Welsh miner. Though it is too early to prophesy the rising of a star which shall become one of the first magnitude, yet it is safe to say that here we have a notable example of literary achievement under circumstances that in the case of most other men would prove, if not an insurmountable obstacle, at the least a serious handicap to intellectual development.

Huw Menai Williams, born in Carnarvonshire, Wales, of peasant parentage, became cognizant of the pecuniary limitations of his native district, and at the age of sixteen trudged afoot to the coal-mines of Glamorgan, then—some thirty-odd years ago—regarded as an El Dorado by the poorly-paid agricultural laborers of the north. From that time to the present day he has lived the life and carried out the duties of a coal-miner, and it was during his hours of grimy toil far underground that the Muse inspired him to poesy. Lacking the education which we nowadays consider

necessary to every child, he is intellectually a "self-made man", and has acquired his knowledge and self-education during his few leisure hours after the arduous duties of a miner. His performance is all the more meritorious when it is remembered that this poet sings in a foreign tongue; indeed, one of the most striking features of his work is his marvelous command of English. Ellis Lloyd, the well-known author of *Scarlet Nest* and other novels, in his introduction to this little book, says of Huw Menai (that being his *nom de plume*): "Yet, lonely and hampered as he has been, unaided, and under the daily yoke of exhausting manual labor, he has expanded his poetic soul and has created poems which are amazing in their stark individuality, their rhythm, their range of thought, and in the exquisite beauty of their imagery."

Following his literary compatriots, past and present, Huw Menai sings chiefly of nature, love, religion, native country, and war, though the last is not treated in the abstract so much as in particular reference to the World War. But he also finds beauty and poetry in subjects not commonly associated with them. For how many modern poets would tenderly and feelingly apostrophize a butterfly, its wings and limbs shattered on a bit of broken glass on the "tip" (slag-heap)? The majority of Menai's poems are on subjects of Nature, and it is in these that we find his excellence most consistent. But in all his poems we are thrilled with the joy of life and the optimism of faith, the whole clothed in a wealth of imagery and an astounding aptness and virility of expression. His ode, *On the Road*, carries us bodily along with a swinging rhythm to the "eternal dawn" that—

will break some day
To the rhythm of the road.

Some of his poetic descriptions are delightful. In describing the butterfly, he depicts her as working "a pattern on the mother-rays" of the sun, and "fringing an ode thereon", all of which he epitomizes as "poetic lace". Two words—yet what a wealth of meaning! The swallow's "graceful curve" he describes as

The line that Rodin loved to carve,
And Wagner strove to sound.

His description of a child reads:

Her eyes were dreams, her lips were love,
Her cheeks were like the noon.

* * *

Her voice was one sweet melody,
Her hair was perfect night;
Her kiss a song, her presence all
A source of pure delight.

Again, his *May Musings*, in which he extols his native country, contains this masterpiece of sequence of thought, musical in expression as in conception:

Sweet linnets shook young leaves with chorus gay,
While streamlet symphonies rhymed through the mirth,
To blend in choral union with the day—
To join the oratorio of new birth,
That swelled in gladness from the re-awakened earth.

Later on in the same ode his patriotic enthusiasm finds expression in the following exquisite harmony and imagery:

Dear Wales! Sweet home of rivers, lakes, and rills!
Pan's wondrous passion made her spirit proud!
She draws the soul of sunshine to her hills,
And o'er her fields the lark is singing loud
For joy, that he has been by God allowed
To pour his soul upon a land so fair.
Her rugged mountains kiss the snow-white cloud—
Mist-surpliced oft they stretch their hands in prayer—
One feels much nearer Heaven in Wales than anywhere.

Who can deny the divine inspiration of the lark's outpouring?
Or of the priestly mountains, "mist-surpliced" and prayerful?
Possibly for wealth of thought in fewness of words, he is at his best in *The Geologist*:

Shaking the dust from truth, I watched him swing
The midget sledge for Science and Love's sake,
Until the beaten stones break out and sing
Of blue lagoons, nymph-haunted nooks, and take
The mind to live among
Those bygone days when Pan was young;
Part-reading in the hard primæval sod
The infinite biography of God.

If the whole stanza may not live for aye, surely that last couplet must deserve immortality, pregnant as it is with an immensity of meaning!

Sometimes he writes of depressing things, but always with that optimistic faith that seems to argue the deep-rooted conviction that, to quote his own words, "Kind God blames not His own created things," and that "All is divinely wrought". The certainty of Ultimate Goodness, which he sees portrayed in the wonderful and awe-inspiring beauties of Nature, affect him with a healthful *joie de vivre*; nor is he downcast when Nature's face is gloomy, while in the midst of life's tragedies he has ever before his eyes the Greatest Tragedy of all and its lesson, as witness the last stanza of his *Clinging*:

Clutching at the straws of creed—no substance there!
Philosophy a bubble, and Science bare!
Struggling against wave and wave, toss and toss,
To find sure hold at last in the battered Cross.

Of war he writes but little, but here he displays best his vigor of language. In his description of *The Attack*, where concatenation of sounds—which forms in a measure the metric basis of the older school of native Welsh poetry—assists his own and the reader's imagination, he carries us right into the heart of things and takes us back a few years to the time when we were experiencing that very action which he describes so minutely: his picture is so terribly accurate and so accurately terrible. More nakedly terrible and less to be liked by the timid are his *Reprisals* and *Revolution*. In *The Kaiser* he unites the same virility of expression with a moralizing reflectiveness (which may not be without a significant political application!):

Nay! hang him not; let live, and let the sun
Search out his conscience, and the wrath divine
Wring from his heart the uttermost remorse;

* * *

True, a gallows stands
In every conscience; and the hangman's noose
Forever slack or tight about the soul—
Inherited from all eternity—
Shall squeeze in measure as the crime deserves.

At the opposite pole to this is his tenderness in *Eyes Right*, where he speaks of warriors who have shown the "greater love". This ode was inspired by Lady Butler's famous picture of a file of British "Tommies" returning from battle (says the poet: "You have shaken hands with Death, and you are better men"); as they pass a wayside cross, the officer salutes and gives the command, "Eyes Right!" The last stanza reads:

Rain-plashed, shell-weathered Crucifix, beside
A broken road. The Saviour of the slain,
Whom pain salutes, because a greater pain
Filled that great Heart. And tears immortal, too,
He shed o'er all their failings; and, besides,
He died for them, as they have died for you.

That Huw Menai's poetry is everywhere perfect would be a false claim, which I have no intention of making. But certain it is that most of it reaches a height seldom attained by poets of the present generation. To have done this under the limitative conditions under which he wrote is indeed an achievement worthy of perpetuation, inspiring hope that the voice that came out of the bowels of the earth and "through the upcast shaft" will soon again, and long, be heard.

DEWI J. WILLIAMS.

MOLIÈRE: COMEDIAN OF SOCIETY

BY STARK YOUNG

WITH anyone but Molière—who knew that a light touch is not always a thin one—I should be afraid of seeming flippant if I said that his third centenary brought to my mind something Whistler once said at a dinner. At the end of many speeches his turn came, and he said that though he hesitated to speak after so many distinguished Professors and Ambassadors, he would like to say that in France they taught the student which end of the brush to put into his mouth, but in England it was all a matter of taste. The hit-and-miss of Anglo-Saxon civilization lies in that remark; the individuality, the whimsy, the obstinate self. This Anglo-Saxon civilization blunders along the ground, or it flies; whatever happens it does not learn a sense of the general, the type. The French has a sense about it of society, of learning the general way of things. Civilization as Latins mean it implies that sort of thing. It implies a levelling for social considerations and with regard to people's opinion of one, a dislike of eccentricity and of ridicule, a subordination of the individual to the whole. It is not so much a passionate concern as it is an instinct; and its feeling for morality has this public and civic aspect. Latin civilization is a prose thing. It prefers bounds to any risk of chaos. The Italians, and even more so the French, are the most prosaic people in Europe. And for that matter their prose shows in their faces, which have a more even and typical and a less personal, peculiar or fantastic expression than an Englishman's. For all their vivacity and heat and explosiveness they keep their feet in the pathway trodden by men—though it must be said they strive to make this pathway as agreeable as possible. For one illustration of all this, look into their marriages; in spite of their passionate loves, their despairs, their experience which has all the variations of opera itself, their magnificent erotic art, it must be remembered that many and

many an Italian or Frenchman, if he does not kill himself in a frenzy, will marry at length to please his family or to his own scheme of advantage.

Your Anglo-Saxon has not this instinct for the social or for the whole. Morality for him has more tortuous personal meanings, very often of sex. He is capable of crusades in his own soul or in public for the good of men in a mass; he works and prays and frets for the betterment of society. He wants to make it better. But he has no particular instinct for making it more agreeable, though he may have a conscience for making it so; and only theoretically does he come down out of his own tower, or tree, to make himself an affable part of the general. The Anglo-Saxon common man has not the lively mentality or sheer spirits to make him social. He never easily gives up his self and the fence about it for the sake of the general pleasure; and only with labor can he keep his eye on a general opinion and harmony. So that he has little feeling for manners or for the surface of living; and only after an intense and long culture that is possible for a few small groups does he become civilized as a Latin takes the word.

And he is not a prose creature; he is poetic. Dull or intelligent, he has something within him that throws him against life with a quiet hunger; he tends toward inhibitions for private reasons or simply for their own sake; he is romantic because of his hunger; and because he lacks to a certain extent taste and vivacity, he is often sentimental. He makes a comfortable and sometimes a sodden world about him, but he lives on illusions, one way or another. In the opinion of his spirit there are no bounds. He is your born dreamer; and he likes to believe that his dreams are deep and important whether anybody ever stirs by them or not, and whether or not they even take any shape in his own mind or merely remain his own confused and precious inner comfort. This shows in his face—as that more open and type thing shows in the Latin—and gives to an Englishman in Paris or Rome a certain distinction, noble or eccentric; and causes no little perplexity to Latins in general, who solve it, I am afraid, by regarding all Anglo-Saxons as practically insane. Out of all this a great and profound poetry has come. But we never had

a society out of it. And that is why we have never had a Molière, why we have not comedy to rank with his.

Molière descends on his literary side from Plautus and Terence, who descend—too fine a word for them, since very often they almost reproduce their Greek originals, especially Terence—from the Greek comic writers, such as Menander. These Greek comedies came out of a life that lived itself in the air and the sun, in piazzas, squares, streets and markets; where all men were observed, where the normal was admired; where there was in sum the beginning of a society. On his other side, that is to say the life about him from which he drew his matter and for which he turned it into comedy, Molière had under Louis le Grand what could be truly called a society. The king had taken measures to further this public unity, under himself of course; though what concerns us here is not that so much as the fact that Molière had a definite, special thing to study and write for and play to.

In English social comedy Ben Jonson is the biggest figure; though, by way of promise wholly unfulfilled dramatically, I should except Fielding, who had in his genius a possibility of comic character invention and observation equalled nowhere in our literature. Ben Jonson, who left a monumental comedy behind him, had on one side Plautus and Terence, and on the other a sort of gorgeous, poetic, half barbaric state of things. The Elizabethan atmosphere was magnificent, rich, violent, brutal and poetic. And the mass of comic tradition behind Jonson was for the most part clumsy, broad, full of loutish spirits; its manners were rough, however full of ballad charm and folk poetry they might be; and its humors were worked with a cudgel. Jonson's world never completes itself and cannot be seen in the round. Congreve is our most distinguished comic genius, with a fine wit, restraint, and, within limits, sense of character; and in his style a finish and rhythm that Molière never achieved. But Congreve's lack of any deep foundation in a society is evident; at the most he belonged to the elegant few; and the failure of his best play, and his withdrawal from the theatre on that account before he was thirty, attest the slightness of his theatrical connections. And though the bright names of Sheridan and Goldsmith bring the remembrance of their great talent, they wrote

too few plays to have much scope, and their work's connection with any general society is almost casual.

As for the Restoration, you cannot read Molière and the comedies of that English epoch without seeing how they pillaged from him, these English dramatists,—Betterton, Shadwell, Dryden, Otway, Farquhar, Etheredge, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Flecknoe, Congreve, Davenant and the rest. For the curious there is a long list of their borrowings in Professor Miles's excellent *Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy*. They regarded Molière as a convenient storehouse for theatre material, and pilfered and plundered till one of their songs could begin with "Molière is quite rifled, so how shall I write?" But none of them saw as Molière saw his material, saw it distributed, proportioned, related to social limits, ventilated with a wide sanity, and fed with large observation and social ardor.

But no dramatist could be expressive of so much of his race without his nature's finding for itself somewhere a strong social passion. In Molière this passionate concern, as everybody knows, took the direction of a hatred of hypocrisy, of all affectation. "You only lacked hypocrisy to make you wholly bad, perfectly bad," Don Juan's servant says to him; and we are to believe that none of Juan's sins, rape, seduction, murder, cheating and lying, were so bad as hypocrisy. For Molière the great sin in hypocrisy, then, is that it undermines social living by taking advantage of men's faith in one another, to deceive them for one's own ends. Hypocrisy discredits the mutual trust that makes society possible to live in. And in the individual it rots away the sincerity that is at the bottom of all character; and in the end makes it impossible for him to tell when he is sincere and when he is not; in other words may make him an unconscious hypocrite, a pious fraud, as well as a conscious deceiver. Affectation is only another form of hypocrisy. It may be a deliberate pose, an arrangement, a deception through pretending to have qualities which one has not. Or it may be an unconscious pose, derived from seeing oneself in some special light or as possessing eminently some special quality or interest. Quite admirable people as well as knaves may have a weak spot of affectation. The result of affectation of any kind is that it sets up an indirection in oneself that pre-

vents straight dealing and clear living either with oneself or with others. Whether it comes intentionally or not, the confusion is the same.

Hypocrisy and affectation are English sins if ever there were any. They may come about from exalted sentiments and a real desire for excellence, a desire too strong for any admission of shortcomings. They may come from a distrust of the mind, a refusal to give up the illusion, a persistence in seeing things not as they are but as they ought to be, and a recourse in the evasions of sentimentality or even of faith. Or they may arise from a man's being too much like Lady Macbeth's poor cat i' the adage; he wants the fish, but does not want to wet his paws. Or they may come from a strong self-consciousness, thinking on oneself, one's individuality, one's effects on others. Affectation is a more inward thing; and an Englishman will be affected where a Frenchman is only mannered. Hypocrisy and affectation come out in Anglo-Saxons in the form of cant and isms, in posing, in fads, hobbies, whimsies, and snobberies. There is nothing so easy to deceive, however, as a fraud; he is not sure but that the other man may be the real thing that he himself pretends to be. As a race we do not like to set down anything as straight hypocrisy or as affectation. Perhaps it is so; partly, not wholly, who knows? That is our attitude; and it may be a good one, coming from our accent on the individual soul involved. But despite its advantages, one result of it at least is confusion and indirection. So that Molière and his French world are removed from us even in the nature of the two hypocrisies; and the certainty of his attack could never have come from Anglo-Saxon society.

This fundamental sincerity and this large proportionate nature of Molière's genius are at the bottom of one's devotion to him; they are not the qualities that bring him leaping into our veins. They are the excellences of character and mind on which we rely in him, and through which we are free to be happy in his plays. Without these solid elements he might be merely witty, inconsiderable, like Oscar Wilde in his comedies. What brings Molière to us really is his animation, his tremendous welling up of spirits, his gift for taking the things dearest to us and expressing them under the liveliest circumstances.

I do not think that even in this vivacious aspect, however, do we get Molière aright. All that line of borrowers from him, Etheredge, Farquhar and the others, regarded Molière as merely a tremendous clown, a fellow of a thousand droll devices, an easy fountain of comic motive and hilarity. We are at least ahead of that, for we realize that Molière is a great comic writer. But we shall have to admit, nevertheless, how far Molière is still from the Anglo-Saxon. For one thing our mere attitude toward high spirits is misleading when Molière is concerned and, for another thing, the farcical pattern that Molière keeps nearly always even in his most serious plays, gets in our way. He had it from Terence and Plautus and the *commedia dell' arte*, and he found that it was a good working form; found it a pattern that is healthy and fluent, well-rounded and easy to follow. But for us it has given the impression of Molière as a writer of farces. It has persuaded us that his genius is the genius of *Le Medecin malgré lui* and of Mascarille, Sganarelle and those other broadly drawn and robustious eccentrics that bluster through some of his work. We are prone to think his characters mere types, whereas in fact they are individuals so subjected in treatment to Molière's intellect that they can take on the aspect of the typical and yet at the same time remain alive, a miraculous achievement.

I remember once sitting at a performance of *Fanny's First Play* with a very eminent critic; and after the final scene, the one in which the stage critics are discussing the play, and Shaw is parodying all critics and vaunting himself, my companion said to me that Molière could never have done so brilliant and clever a scene. But Molière would not have done a scene so clever and brilliant and egocentric even if he could, which I think might have been the case. Molière had more taste than that and more lasting charm, as you have only to read the *Impromptu de Versailles* to know; and he was so much more of an artist that the particular emphasis and insistence employed by Shaw would have been impossible to him; impossible to Molière, who waited in every bitterness of soul and every injustice for five years before he got his heart's labor, *Tartuffe*, performed, and then—as with his funeral—only at the King's intervention, but left no trace of all this in the work itself, which swings as free and varied and

wholesome and right as if it had been written by the very sun itself.

As time passes, too, and one goes back to Molière in comparison with other work, one notices more and more the things that Molière did not do or say; and one realizes more and more as one watches life and the expression of life in art, the great endowment of mind and heart that in the midst of a terribly stricken body and a wretched love affair kept Molière in all his work so poised and sweet and abundant. There are moments when Molière means nothing to us; certainly through him one could never become a great saint or a poet or lead a crusade. But a member of society needs other things as well as halos and laurels and holy emblems. Molière was at home in the world, the type of soul that at the outset was made so well in heaven that it holds out on earth without pining.

But apart from these more solid qualities in Molière's genius, how much there is that merely bubbles up from him into almost any mood we have! They are little gaieties, pocket philosophies, the mere happiness and health and jollity of the mind, that dart across the business of thinking and observing the world around us as a shaft of light falls through the shutters across the room. They catch the little bird of our vanity on the wing, which we might have mistaken for the flight of the soul. They poke solemnity under the ribs, and show how much of it is egotism. They ventilate the ordinary house of life. And most of all they chart out the track of the single ego in the social map. A handbook of these moments would not be a book of reverie, for there is no twilight in them or spiritual thirst; but rather a sort of Noonday Notebook. The list would begin with absurdities manifest, little humanities of absurd people; famous cases, most of them; with Mascarille in *Le Dépit Amoureux*, who couldn't die if anybody was looking at him; or Monsieur Jourdain, who had spoken prose all his life and never known it; or Sganarelle, with the old joke about the heart's being changed to the right side; or those heavenly learned ladies, Bélise and Philaminte—Bélise, who agrees with the doctrine of atoms but finds it difficult to understand a vacuum and much prefers subtle matter; and Philaminte, who finds in ethics charms that delight her heart, and, though ethics was

formerly the delight of great geniuses, for her part nowadays prefers the Stoics and thinks nothing so grand as their founder. Or the Lord Jupiter who comes on a cloud with his eagle, in thunder and lightning as well, and after having seduced Amphitryon's wife by taking her husband's shape, explains to the wounded husband in that delicious speech, so full of a god's tact but more to Molière's credit than to Jupiter's, I am afraid:

Behold, Amphitryon, who has thus imposed upon thee; and in thy own likeness see Jupiter appear. By these tokens thou knowest him; enough, I trust, to bring back peace and happiness to thy heart. My name, worshipped over all the earth, silences all that might be said. To share with Jupiter is not dishonorable; it is doubtless glorious to see oneself the rival of the first of the gods. Why should thy love complain? It is I who should be jealous. Alcmena loves only thee; thou shouldst be pleased to know that one cannot please her except by taking thy shape. Jupiter himself in all his glory could not triumph over her virtue; and all he received was given by her loving heart to thee.

And then the servant Sosia's remark: "*Our Lord Jupiter knows how to gild the pill!*"

There are scores of these. And afterward would come the speeches at the opening of *Tartuffe* about cant and gullibility and virtue; and then the talk about the rules of art in the *Critique de L'Ecole des Femmes*. And so on through the plays with their radiant sanity and their flexible and lively Horatianism, so on through this world which is always trying to end with supper; because Molière knows what peace that pleasure brings to conflicting bosoms, who have, besides, to be got from off the stage somehow or other.

And last to remember what the wife of the comedian writes in Monsieur Voltaire's *Vie de Molière*:

He was neither too fat nor too thin: he had a stature rather large than small, a noble carriage, a fine leg; he walked gravely with a very serious air, the nose big, the mouth large, the lips thick, the complexion brown, the eye-brows black and strong, and the diverse movements that he gave it made his physiognomy extremely comic. With regard to his character he was sweet, complaisant, generous. He loved to orate; and when he read his pieces to the comedians, he wished them to bring their children in, in order to sense their impressions from their natural movement.

STARK YOUNG.

UNHONORED EDUCATIONAL HONORS

BY JAMES HENLE

Professor of History—I must confess that I found the style of your essay very dull and commonplace.

Student (feebly)—But that comes in English Lit.!

IN his annual report President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard emphasizes a point which has disturbed and distressed our educators for many years. In this country little attention is paid to high grades in college courses; the *summa* men, the *magna* men and the ordinary graduates stand upon an equal footing in the view of the general public and of the business world. If anything, the rank and file of the graduates have a little the better of it in common estimation.

In the case of graduates of professional and technical schools exactly the opposite is true. These men, to be sure, have been trained for some definite work, and the degree to which they have absorbed this training, roughly measured by their scholastic standing, may be taken to indicate their fitness for the tasks ahead. The purpose of college is more general and accordingly more difficult to achieve. Yet the popular verdict, as expressed in society's attitude toward those whom college has delighted to honor, is anything but favorable.

It is only fair to say that this opinion is shared by the honor men themselves. I cannot remember that my classmates of ten years and more ago who distinguished themselves in their studies felt that these were, as the mathematicians say, necessary and sufficient, or that the attainment of high scholastic standing was a matter of great importance. On the contrary, the best students were hurrying through their college work in order to be able to enter professional school a year earlier. For my own part, I must admit that the possession of a Phi Beta Kappa key has never seemed to me any reason why captains of industry should seek my services.

Clearly there must be something behind this distrust of our academic system. The Junker rule in Germany was certainly bad and it was resented by the common folk, but there seems to be every reason for supposing that the Junkers themselves believed in it. Our colleges, at least as institutions of learning, have lost the confidence not only of the general public, but even of that special class which has best adapted itself to their *régime*.

Perhaps, in some unconscious and unreasoning way, this is because our colleges have failed to reconcile educational practice with educational theory. They have "kept abreast of the times" by offering courses in aeronautics and in twentieth century literature, but they have not kept abreast of themselves and of their own best thought.

For years, to take one instance, it was usual to justify the time spent upon the classic tongues and higher mathematics by the statement that these studies served to "strengthen the mind." Experiments in educational psychology, however, demonstrated some years ago that training in one field does not "carry over" into another; studying solid geometry prepares a student to solve problems in solid geometry. It does not "strengthen the mind." It has no influence in any other direction except as the student uses this knowledge in astronomy or other related fields. It is apparent that if we really want to teach a young man to think clearly—and geometry was formerly supposed to do this—it is better to attempt this directly than to expect this to come as a vague byproduct of other work.

This is no plea for the elimination of mathematics and the classics and the substitution in their stead of commercial law and accounting. These are special studies that are as narrowing in their way as those others; they are no more "practical" than Homer except for those who intend to make direct use of them. It seems that Mr. G. K. Chesterton hit the mark exactly when he told Englishmen of cosmopolitan tastes: "By all means associate with Japanese generals if you desire to associate with Japanese generals. But if you want to meet someone who is different from you, jump over the garden wall and get acquainted with the old lady next door." In the same spirit an educator could say to a student: "You should certainly study Greek and ac-

counting, if what you want to learn is Greek and accounting. But if you are anxious to use your mind, tell me what you would do if you were to awake some morning and find yourself in Lloyd George's shoes."

Closely associated with this problem is the unfortunate tendency that some of our colleges have shown to take for their models the modern department store which carries in stock everything from pins to pianos. Probably university trustees like to be able to assert that a young man can obtain instruction in any field of knowledge at their institution, and there is much to commend in this idea. It is unfortunate, however, if a large part of the energy of a college is to be diverted to rivalry of this kind, if the establishment of a chair of Dutch at one is to be met by a course in Russian at another; if the fact that one college inaugurates a course in Icelandic sagas means that its neighbor must reply with a series of lectures upon Aztec hieroglyphics. The net effect, in fact, has been to multiply "cinch" courses, weaken the effect of collegiate training, and in the end undermine whatever prestige academic distinctions may possess.

It is probably inevitable that there be departments in a modern institution of learning. The tragic thing is that these should be repeated in the brains of its students, for when this is done their knowledge is effectively guarded against all use and the disrespect paid to college honors is completely justified. Yet these brain compartments, each hermetically sealed against related knowledge, will be built unless some common carrier is devised that will visit them all, unless some medium of exchange is found that will make classroom knowledge a living, circulating reality. The remarkable reception which Mr. H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* has received is proof of the demand for some broader and more comprehensive outlook on life than any single course or department can offer.

It is easy enough today to sympathize with the young man who protested against any criticism on the score of style of an essay written to fulfill the requirements of a course in history. Were there not instructors in the Department of English Literature who were supposed to concern themselves with his style? If he wrote an historical essay for these latter, that would be a

different matter; they could say anything they pleased about his style, but they could not legitimately and fairly take exception to his facts.

To many it will seem that there is a touch of burlesque in the exposition of this young man's point of view. Unhappily, it is merely a sober presentation of the attitude adopted by the majority of college students. It is difficult to blame them. They study biology and receive no suggestion of its influence upon history; they obtain their knowledge of economics from textbooks and correlate it neither with the lectures they hear on politics nor with what they may read in financial publications; Darwin, Tennyson, Karl Marx, and Mazzini are treated in separate courses and as isolated phenomena. Few institutions have taken even the obvious step of teaching their students to read the daily press intelligently.

To a great extent this is because we are still under the dominion of the fact tradition. Many centuries have contributed to the idea that facts in themselves possess some mystic power and are valuable irrespective of whether we understand their proper relationship or their application. But a revolt is well under way. In history, for example, much less attention is now paid to dates and names; in their stead our students are learning to examine causes and conditions, to study not the conqueror but the influences which produced him. In other fields as well this movement is gaining headway. It remains only to recognize its validity and to extend it to our whole scheme of education. When this is done our endeavor will be not to fill the student's brain with as many facts as possible, but rather to assist him to comprehend and judge the forces which have created our present society and which are directing its development. With this as a background facts obtain some relevancy.

From this point of view we see that the problem which confronts President Lowell and every other educator would be comparatively easy to solve—were the students of a college numbered by the tens instead of by the hundreds or thousands. Society today pays little respect to the man upon whose diploma has been engraved *summa cum laude*, and it fails to do so because of the feeling, not expressed in exactly these terms, that he is

the product of a scholastic system as far removed from reality as that of the Chinese. But it would be a different matter if President Lowell could introduce a graduate to the world in a manner somewhat like the following:

"I know Samuel Henderson intimately. Except for the periods of our academic recesses he has spent half an hour with me every morning during the past four years. At such times we have discussed politics and religion, sociology, the natural sciences, psychology, literature, history and economics. We have not confined ourselves to a theoretical consideration of these subjects; we have followed the course of labor disputes in the daily newspapers, we have had the benefit of advice upon political issues from candidates for public office, we have talked to manufacturers, trade unionists, retailers and housewives on the subject of tariff legislation. During one summer vacation I had the pleasure of Mr. Henderson's company upon a trip to Ireland, where we studied at first hand the forces of nationalism at work.

"In my conversations with my young friend I have drawn extensively on my knowledge of the past and of the literatures of many nations. These references have almost invariably been linked with present occurrences of importance. In that way they not only have acquired an unusual interest for him, but have stimulated him to undertake a broad course of reading and, furthermore, have provided him with a background which has enabled him to assimilate what he has read.

"I have been impressed by the toughness and resiliency of Mr. Henderson's mind, by the clarity of his vision, by his lack of bias. During the four years I have known him he has achieved a remarkable mental growth and an enviable power both to perceive objects in their proper relations and to reduce to their primary factors complicated situations. I do not mean that Mr. Henderson and I see eye to eye upon the immigration problem nor upon the question of the League of Nations, but I have a very hearty respect for his opinions upon both these subjects. In social relations I have found Mr. Henderson courteous, agreeable, forbearing.

"It would be absurd for me to say that this young man is an expert in the field of economics or biology or in any field whatso-

ever. However, he is now admirably equipped for specialized study in any of those departments or for work in the commercial world where broadness of vision and sound judgment are essential.

"Gentlemen, in my opinion Mr. Henderson has fairly won the right to be termed educated."

Impractical? Yes, because President Lowell's day is not long enough to permit him to give half an hour to every student at Harvard. But it is highly practical in the sense that society would recognize the value of such training. And it seems certain that the closer our educational system comes to this method, the more respect will be accorded to those upon whom it confers honors.

A great deal has already been done in this direction. At President Lowell's own institution the general examination at the end of the senior year requires the student to correlate his knowledge, to review his past work, to take a survey of his own mind and his relation to society. At Columbia students may elect to study for honors; this means more intensive and intelligent application, the adoption of a broader point of view, frequent and intimate consultations with members of the faculty. Courses are being offered there and at other institutions that attempt to coördinate the work of various departments; recognition is being given to the idea that there is some relation between economics and politics, between politics and sociology.

In the changes that have been made in the entrance requirements for colleges an even greater amount of progress has been made. The classic tongues no longer monopolize attention—often not even Latin is required—though the study of mathematics is apparently held in as high esteem as ever. The striking point, however, is that some institutions have had the courage practically to abolish their entrance examinations and to substitute for them psychological tests which show not how many unrelated facts a student has been able to remember, but his or her ability and possibilities. For everywhere the question which the world puts to the college man is being sensed not as "What do you know?" but as "What can you learn to do?"

JAMES HENLE.

SOME OF MR. GALSWORTHY'S HEROINES

BY LACY LOCKERT

THE novels of Mr. Galsworthy customarily find favor with reviewers. In the chorus of praise that greets each new book from his pen, dissent would be unheard. Beyond question he has restraint, a sense of form, command of language, capacity to analyze and depict familiar human types. Yet the frequent serial publication of his stories in a magazine whose other "star" contributors were Robert W. Chambers and Ella Wheeler Wilcox is suggestive that his vaunted art has something of the meretricious in it, and that his moral philosophy is an immoral philosophy. For clearer discrimination, let us go back two or three years to some novel over which "the tumult and the shouting" has died—let us take, say, his *Saint's Progress*, which was lauded like the rest, and examine it in detail.

Saint's Progress deals with the misfit existence, the experiences, and the spiritual trials of a vicar, Edward Pierson, in war-time England. It aims to portray him, I think, as a lonely survivor of the Age of Faith, in painful clash with the modern spirit and point of view, especially typified in his daughters. The elder of these, Gratian, shares the unbelief of her husband, a young doctor; eighteen-year-old Noel falls in love with twenty-two-year-old Lieutenant Cyril Moreland, whom she has known just three weeks. He is going to the Front, and she wants to marry him. Pierson not unnaturally tells her she cannot; so on her last night with Cyril, Noel takes matters into her own hands, without benefit of clergy.

She says afterwards that she did this "to make sure of him." Again, more fully: "'I did it so that we should belong to each other. Nothing could have taken him from me.'" There have no doubt been girls who have erred from precisely that wrong-headed notion that thus they could form a *quasi* marriage tie. Anybody who knew anything about the human male

would know that, so far from binding a man, *that* would be a good way to lose him; the whole idea becomes absurd when one considers how a man might thus be "bound" to a dozen or so at once. But in the present instance we cannot accept Noel's statement-after-the-fact. It is natural to sentimentalize and justify one's misdeed with ambiguous words. Mr. Galsworthy has earlier told us explicitly and from Noel's own lips the impulses that urged her.

"We can't afford to wait. He might never come back, you see, and then I should have missed him."

"Missed him"! She could not miss his love; she had it—knew she had it. That love was mutually confessed; and the sweetness of its avowal and its realization, the being together while they shared that realization—these things were theirs already, and no act or ceremony could make them more real, and no stroke of fate could wipe them out. There was only one thing which immediate marriage could guarantee her against missing; which, therefore, it is plain she was mightily concerned not to miss; and which she was going at all costs to make sure of, by marriage or without marriage. In other words, her declaration, being interpreted, will be found to parallel closely that of Mall Barnes, in the old Elizabethan comedy, *Two Angry Women of Abington*:

"O Lord," said I,

"Shall it be so? Must I unmarried dye?"

And being angry, father, farther said,

"Now, by Saint Anne, I will not dye a maide!"

"No coarser minded girl in Elizabethan comedy"—"no dramatic portrayal of the animal more observantly conceived or more faithfully executed": thus Mr. Gailey characterizes Mall. Yet there is no essential difference between her position and Noel's. What difference there is, is in her favor. Noel's longing is focused and particularized—and importunate:

I want to make sure of Cyril, auntie; I want everything I can have with him while there's a chance. I don't think it's much to ask, when perhaps I'll never have any more of him again. . . . Oh, auntie, I want him *so badly!*

As Hashimura Togo said after seeing the American Drama of Sex, I would rather drink my beer in some saloon where thoughts are more pure.

Merely to write about an immoral person is not immoral. Yet it is next to impossible for the author to be just a camera and nothing more; we can nearly always tell that he has likes and dislikes, approvals and disapprovals. Mr. Galsworthy's attitude is apparent, and frequently he declares it in so many words. I quote again. The italics are mine. Noel speaks:

"Daddy oughtn't to mind. Old people haven't to fight and get killed; they oughtn't to mind us taking what we can. *They've had their good time.*"

It was such a just little speech that Thirza answered,

"Yes; perhaps he hasn't quite realized that."

As was the love of Noel Pierson for Cyril Moreland, so was the love of Cyril Moreland for Noel Pierson.

"Of course I mean to come back, but chaps do get knocked over, and I think it's cruel that we can't take what we can while we can. [It is interesting that he and Noel seem to have agreed on the same euphemisms.] . . . We don't mind risking our lives and all that, but we do think we ought to have the run of them while we're alive."

Well—as aforesaid, Noel didn't get her way about the marriage after all, so proceeded to take what she could while she could. And she did it "in the first degree," too—that is, with ruthless, deliberate intent, not in the swirl of a brain-beclouding, unexpected passion. On the bank beside the water, these lovers sat through the gathering twilight and the deepening shadows.

Longing paralyzed their brains. . . . They could do nothing but press close to each other, their hands enlaced, their lips meeting now and then. On Noel's face was a strange, fixed stillness, as if she were waiting—expecting. [You see, she had it all planned out, nicely and poetically.] . . . And just then the top of the moon looked over the wall . . . the color of pale honey.

"Ours!" Noel whispered, and her hands drew his head down to her.

It is from no pruriency of mind that I regret the intervention at this point of the inevitable line of dots. I should like to know whether the natural reverence a man feels for a woman, if he really loves her, made Cyril slow to understand; whether he felt any qualms or shock of disillusionment, or repulsion. But it seems to be an established convention in English literature, dating back at least to *Michael and his Lost Angel*, that opportunity assures commission.

"He was hers forever now, in spite of anything. . . ."
Yes—in a certain sense.

Then Cyril went to France, and presently was killed, I am happy to say; and in due course of time Noel found she was going to become a mother. She might have known that she would; a story-book girl always does, even from a first and single fault (unless she is going to have a regular "career"—then she *never* does). Probability matters nothing to our consequential-minded purveyors of fiction. They certainly must believe that the wages of sin is life.

The rest of the book deals mainly with the situation thus created; though there is a good deal of "war-atmosphere" worked in, with due share of humanitarian sentimentality about the wrong of hating the Germans and punishing "conscientious objectors". Of course the blow falls heaviest on the poor "saint" father. The author had set out to make him appear pathetically futile and absurd. He did it. But if Edward Pierson is meant to stand for the Elder Generation, he is as much a libel upon it as Noel is upon the Younger. There was backbone to the old religionists, a stalwartness of faith based on hard-headed conviction and categoric reasoning. Perhaps that type is beyond Mr. Galsworthy's comprehension. Pierson's religion was a vague spiritual æsthesia, which he cherished with the rapture of a dilettante. When Noel wanted to marry Cyril, he did object that war-marriages were frequently just a momentary gratification of passion, and that people who had known each other only three weeks might later find themselves an ill-matched pair; the main thing he balked at, however, was the profanation of the exquisite, sacred mystery of wedlock by such irreverent haste. He lacked the mental grasp to perceive that the institution of marriage exists to assure the offspring a father's care and guidance; and that therefore a union contracted when there was immediate prospect of the death of the bridegroom would be a legal evasion—in effect, an invalidating—of the institution. But sanity along these lines is scarce enough everywhere in war-time.

As was to be expected, Pierson agonized over the sin and was very gentle with the sinner. When he saw the young mother fondle her child, he felt caught up to a beatific vision of the

Divine; similarly, when disturbed about Gratian's soul, he had comforted himself with the thought that, as she loved her husband, she could not have left God's side—because of the Scriptural assurance that "God is love," I suppose; the tortuous windings of some paths of modernism are a little beyond me. At length it became clear that his congregation would not accept the closet-skeleton in their midst, and he resigned to take a chaplain's berth in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, where he found himself as far out of touch with his fellows, as unanchored and ineffectual, as ever.

As Pierson is Mr. Galsworthy's target, so Gratian's husband is his comfort. George Laird acts as an admirable mouthpiece for the author's speculations, if not his convictions.

"Life is a huge, wide, adaptable thing. . . . *Life's* going to be the important thing in the future, Nollie; not comfort and cloistered virtue and security, but *living*, and pressure to the square inch. . . . Regrets and repinings and repressions are going out of fashion; we shall have no time or use for them in the future."

Let us get that proposition straight. All checks of conscience, all considerations of morality, are to be scrapped; we shall have no time or use for them in the future. Henceforth everyone will live as hard and as fast as one can, obeying every impulse and excusing one's self on the ground that life is adaptable.

"It was all a question," this scientist maintained, "of whether Nollie could make good her vagary. If she could, and grew in strength of character thereby, it was, *ipso facto*, all right; her vagary would be proved an advantage and the world enriched."

To the higher type of scientist—the man of broad, clear, imaginative vision, not the puttering experimenter incapable of a synthesis—it would have been fairly obvious that our social forms are themselves the pragmatic selection of a thousand centuries, and are rigid because their strict maintenance is believed to work better, by and large, than any trimming to the convenience or growth of individuals. Such is the way with the majority of "advanced" thinkers; they are so advanced that they have left all the lessons of history behind them.

But it was reserved for the motherly Aunt Thirza to utter the supreme and shining example of perverted moral concept, of downright nonsense, that adorns the pages of *Saint's Progress*.

“‘You know, Nollie, I absolutely refuse to regard this as any sort of tragedy. To bring life into the world in these days, no matter how, ought to make any one happy.’”

According to the same brilliant line of reasoning, the German soldiers who went through Belgium ought to be presented with Carnegie Hero Medals. True, the circumstances there were rather uncondusive to the desired precious result; but that was the fault of the Belgian women in not being more acquiescent.

Under the lash of public opinion Noel's proud self-justification gave place to shame that she had been unladylike; which was as near as she ever got to a real moral instinct. Time assuaged the pain for Cyril, and she was left unreconciled and craving. In a purely general way, now, she longed for what she called “life.” When she stretched herself on the ground, “she wanted the earth to close its arms about her; she wanted the answer to her embrace of it. She was alive and wanted love.”

The first place she got a chance at it was in the person of an incapacitated soldier, Fort. But he himself was entangled in a liaison with a fast-fading siren who was another one of those people that are insatiably anxious to “live.” “‘Live? Why—don't you always?’” he once asked her, in the sanest words of the entire novel. This episode, even when well ended, Pierson could not overlook. “‘In my view,’ he said, ‘you are as bound to Leila as if you were married to her.’” Paradoxically, such a conferment of dignity upon a mere physical relation is to be expected from those who take the most supernal view of marriage. They are totally blind to the fact that, if they lead people to expect any consideration whatever, to claim any right to faithfulness, in a union outside wedlock, they will tempt many to forego the binding ceremony; in short, that thus they encourage free love and make marriage seem unnecessary.

Oppose Noel's having anything, and she would immediately want it; she married Fort as soon as her father was conveniently out of the way. In so far as it sees her safely “put” where she is not likely to make further mischief, the story ends at this point. In so far as it concerns the “progress” of Pierson, it does not end at all. Perhaps it carries a moral: If parents exercise any check upon the impulses of their children, they are responsible

for disastrous consequences, which may be expected to ensue; and the children are probably in the right anyway, for impulses are sacred and inhibitions hateful.

Now, what is really important about *Saint's Progress* is the fact that it is not an isolated aberration. If it were, it would not deserve such extended treatment. It is thoroughly typical of Mr. Galsworthy. Go back a few years, and take something he did then—*The Dark Flower*, for instance. In that book, when Anna Stormer falls in love with her husband's pupil, she finally struggles through to renunciation (or, at least, acceptance of defeat), but all her qualms and decisions relate purely to individuals; she never once considers her duty in the social scheme. And when Mrs. Olive Cramier, the author's darling, finds that she cares for Mark Lennan, does she avoid him, build a wall between them? By no means. If Mr. Galsworthy wants to know how a really noble, conscientious woman would feel and act in such a situation, he ought to read *Saracinesca*.

In *The Dark Flower* we find the same special pleading for individual exceptions to moral codes, the same view of physical union as the "fulfillment" of love instead of merely the legitimate by-product of a partnership to which love often leads, the same insistence upon feeling rather than ethical judgment as the one sure anchor of a man. Even Lennan's final decision of loyalty was inspired by kindness, not a jot by sense of right. There is the same cosmic eroticism ("constantly involving the vegetable world," as Mrs. Gerould puts it), and the same absurd identification of eroticism with "life." "Just the fleeting moments of passion," we are told, are the only things in existence, "with all its prizes and its possibilities," that satisfy completely.

The total incomprehension of decent standards that characterizes *Saint's Progress* and *The Dark Flower* is observable in a wretchedly large share of modern fiction and the criticism which extols it. Something may be traced to a natural, wholesome reaction from Victorianism. No rebel, however, can wield the lightning unless he is himself a god; we feel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* to be indeed of one piece with the work of our contemporaries, but Hardy was the Shakespeare of that school

which has only a Beaumont in Mr. Galsworthy and a mere Fletcher in Mr. Robert W. Chambers. The recrudescence of Romanticism, especially through its persistent confusion of the sensuous with the spiritual, bears also a share of the blame. But whatever its cause, the vicious philosophy which runs through our literature is a present fact, insidious in its effect upon the vast army of readers who are stuffing themselves with that and nothing else; and there is need of clear, sober thinking and writing, of a revision of our outlook and a getting back to fundamentals, if we are not to drift into a limbo of eroticism where all sanity and rectitude will founder.

In the first place, we need a sharp realization that the mere desire to do a thing does not make it right. Our novelists seem to think that if they only show how natural and credible it is that a man should feel or do thus-and-so, *that* excuses him. As if we did not know already that everything—every theft, every murder—is the effect of a moving cause! It is man's capacity to resist temptation, to follow conscience, at the least quite as much as it is his superior intellect, that dignifies him above the brute. To abdicate the moral throne will not tend to keep him above the brute.

In the second place, we need a concentration of emphasis on the fact that marriage is *fundamentally a social institution*. As formative of the Family, as source and maintenance of the next generation, it possesses a high seriousness sufficient to account for the saying of a revered authority, that husband and wife are joined in one flesh by God himself, or to justify any sacramental aspect with which it has been invested. Such was the historical view; there could have been no other when the parties were customarily chosen for each other by their respective fathers. The theory of "mated souls"—altogether recent—is inevitably productive of moral dissolution. Its corollary is that loveless wedlock is degrading. Now once grant that the marriage ceremony alone is not sufficient to make respectable the union of man and woman, but that love is necessary to dignify it, and the next easy step is the assumption that love is itself sufficient to dignify it—without the ceremony at all.

With marriage recognized as a social contract, much that has

been rough will be made smooth. People will not feel, when they find their harmony anything but divine, that God evidently never joined them; that therefore it is wrong to remain mated at all. They will understand that they have pledged themselves to a proposition which common weal demands they go through with as best they can. There will be less talk by eager lovers, either in literature or in life, that the woman (or man) they love is wrongly bound to an unloved mate.

Another thing we need is a finer distinction in our vocabulary; the word "love" covers entirely too many and distinct concepts. It is used indifferently to designate either affection or passion, or a combination of the two in any ratio. We observe it applied to the tenderness which one has for another arising from delight in their similarity of tastes and ideals, from admiration for character, and from a community of experiences; and also applied to physical desire. The truth is that while both are frequently found together, it is by no means always so. Yet by that slovenliness of mind which makes us think with words instead of with the realities they inaccurately denote, we constantly impute to the latter feeling, a purely carnal, purely selfish emotion, something of the spiritual values that we all sense in the former.

In the "Autumn" episode of *The Dark Flower* Mr. Galsworthy recognizes and makes it perfectly plain that Lennan has little save affection for his wife and nothing but passion for Nell—no smallest mental bond. He is veracious in showing that neither feeling in the least impairs the force of the other. (Lennan, with man's inherent polygamousness, might have desired Nell even if he had been married to a woman he loved in every way, like his lost Olive—Mr. Galsworthy is perhaps too sentimental to create *that* situation.)

But in his extreme wrong-headedness it is the affair with Nell that Lennan poetizes—and this in the name of Love! He anticipates bringing her "to full knowledge of love within his arms." "How desolate, sacrilegious, wasteful to throw love away; to turn from the most precious of all gifts; to drop and break that vase." Naturally he values it; for he presently concludes that "a man has but one use for woman." The impression is that Mr. Galsworthy agrees with him.

Only one use for women! Mr. Galsworthy and Mark Lennan to the contrary notwithstanding, there is "another use" for them: in association between congenial minds, in harmonious comradeship, to which by reason of their gentler nature and quicker sympathies—traits feminine rather than female—they bring unique, precious factors impossible in any comradeship of man and man. Whatever of permanence, of beauty, of nobility, of spirituality any of those various things we have been calling "love" may hold, lies in the emotion which springs from this "other use"; but both the use and the emotion are doubtless beyond the ken of those who see existence only in terms of sex-adventure, woman as a mere bundle of sex, and man as an excited male.

As for the "love" which Mr. Galsworthy celebrates, a demonic thing which is said to seize and enslave (but can be shaken off by vigorous exercise!), there is another name for it—a word of identical length and with the same first letter—that is more precise.

To say so, is not to say, "Out upon it! Fie upon it!" With all our modern clamor for frankness, very few people face the physical calmly and frankly. Either they draw away from it as from something unclean and degrading (the old way), or they become entirely preoccupied with it (the new way), or they persuade themselves that it is not physical, but spiritual, and invest it with religious values (the usual way). It needs to be recognized as an *instinctive appetite*, quite as unmoral in itself as any other appetite—moral or immoral according to the circumstances of its gratification. The desires of the palate are respectable and legitimate for their own sake, when they are not indulged to gluttony or regaled upon stolen fruit. But we would deem it absurd to wax rapturous or pathetic or mystical about them—though their *raison d'être*, the sustainment of life, is quite as important as its reproduction. Apples are very good to eat, but they are not accounted transcendent save in the earlier chapters of *Genesis*.

Even of love in the highest sense, the only true sense, equally as of love falsely so-called, we need some metes and bounds. Love bulks too large in modern literature. The fact hurts literature—consider that in the field of drama, for instance, no

tragedy better than *Romeo and Juliet* has a wooing for its theme. (Nor, outside of French Classicism, does any considerable proportion of great dramas deal with the domestic triangle, or with the "quadwangle.") The literary dominance of love hurts life, too; it destroys balance and control by its incessant suggestion of exalted values—suggestion to which we yield ourselves often where balance and control are most wanted. When, in love's name, ruthlessness towards the rights and feelings of others and towards obligation before mankind is excused or even glorified, we imbibe the doctrine and behave accordingly—perhaps are thrilled with pride that our easy disregard proves our emotion genuine. Such ruthlessness, where it furthers our desires, would be only too easy, without encouragement.

It does not make for improvement when Mr. Galsworthy writes about the love of Lennan and Olive being bound to endure somewhere among the woods and flowers or down in the dark water, though they themselves presently be dead; or when he suggests that perhaps even melodies of music love and mate. Like a snowball our concern with romance and our apotheosis of it have been growing for several centuries, until they can culminate in such nonsense as this. The average "moving-picture" enforces the lesson *ad nauseam*. The average person's mind cannot get out of that groove. Writers cannot speak of love except dithyrambically; everything about it, virtue or vice, is idealized. "The love before which the world was but a spark in a draught of wind"—thus Lennan's for Olive. Stripped of its verbiage, the fact appears: "a love whose obsession destroyed all sense of relative values."

It may readily be granted that the business of love and mating is an important thing in one's life; but it is not the *only* important thing; and the more one becomes and achieves, the less it looms beside other things. Its limit of possible magnitude is definite; whereas the fruits of one's endeavor are limited only by the bounds of one's capacity.

As for Olive, the cause of Lennan's emotional insanity, here is Mr. Galsworthy's caressing chronicle of her thoughts:

. . . this day for which all her life had been shaping her—the day of love. . . . To grow and reach the hour of summer; all must do that!

That was the meaning of Life! She had no remorse. . . . As well might grass stay its ripening. . . . Whatever Power had made her heart, had placed within it this love. Whatever it was, whoever it was, could not be angry with her!

And she was about to run away from her husband, with another man! It would be difficult to find a second passage packed with as many varieties of characteristic Galsworthy poison. Here human passion is vaguely associated with "the vegetable world," love invested with mysterious and awful significance, eroticism identified with Life, desire justified by itself. If you feel any impulse, it is all right; for the God who made you, made it in you. A comfortable philosophy, truly! Suppose the thing in Olive's heart had been Hate instead—the desire to mutilate somebody with an axe! But her love would wound no less than her hate; aside from her disagreeable husband, to whom she had plighted herself as a free agent and responsible person, it would wound her uncle by her disgrace, wound Lennan's sister and his old guardian by the scandal, wound society by breach of its essential institutions.

Sometimes a man is unwittingly his own critic. In *Saint's Progress*, Mr. Galsworthy satirizes the typical modern novel,—

with its self-conscious exhortations to complete self-consciousness, its doctrine of pure and utter selfishness or of a hopelessly self-conscious unselfishness, with the querulous and thin-blooded passionateness of its young heroes and heroines, bent on nothing but realizing their unrealizable selves through a sort of brain-spun arrogance and sexuality.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels

—as we see others!

LACY LOCKERT.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A TONE-POET FROM ITALY

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is not often that Italy has sent to this country a creative artist so distinguished and so remarkable as Signor Alfredo Casella, who has come to America as an active representative of the music of his native land. Signor Casella is a very eminent composer—a far finer and more serious artist than any music-maker who has visited us within recent memory except Vincent d'Indy. Signor Casella is the most prominent and the most articulate of that adventurous Young Italian school who have highly determined that musical Italy shall no longer be represented to the outside world as the land merely and exclusively of *bel canto*, of the romances of composers like Tosti, of Neapolitan tarantellas and Venetian serenades. They hotly resent being summed up under the formula of *Santa Lucia*, or the formula of *La Donna e Mobile*, or the formula of *Vissi d'arte*. They are in revolt against the notion of the casual foreigner that Italian music means “tunes played on the mandolin, restaurant-music, gross theatrical realism devoid of human emotion, obvious and insipid melodies accompanied by tremolos,” or the belief of those slightly more sophisticated ones who suppose that they have bounded musical Italy when they have indicated, with a gesture of careless familiarity, certain operas by Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Zandonai, Montemezzi—which, says M. Jean-Aubry with some impatience, is “as if one should judge the French literature of the last century by the novels of François Coppée, English literature by Mrs. Humphry Ward, or Russian music by the one and only Tchaikovsky.”

There is, we are to realize, another and very different musical Italy—an Italy immeasurably remote from the spiritual terrain of Mascagni and Puccini, as well as from the lovelier and rarer

land of Montemezzi and the soberer, more formally-gardened region of Sgambati and Bossi and Sinigaglia. This new Italy (from which are carefully to be excluded such noisy upstarts as Pratella and his brother "Futurists") is the innovating, neo-classic Italy of Signor Casella and his confrères; men who are interested in the symphonic forms rather than in the opera-house—though they do stray now and again onto the stage. They are of the clan of Pizzetti, Malipiero, Castelnuovo, Respighi, De Sebata—composers who differ widely among themselves, who cannot accurately be said to form a school, but who do, nevertheless, own allegiance to "a particular and clearly defined æsthetic." They constitute (as Jean-Aubry has defined their position) "an ideal union of very divergent personalities, born often under contradictory conditions, who have in common only a spirit of innovation and the sense of a nationalism that does not end in the appearance of picturesque facility too generally approved by Italian and foreign audiences."

It is their aim to counteract certain qualities that are conspicuous and influential in contemporary Italian music, and which may discreetly be indicated in the French of Signor Casella's famous lecture on the Young Italian school: *la suprématie vocal, le mauvais goût, et la vulgarité*. . . . Against these baleful things must be opposed the true and permanent characteristics of the Italian genius as one perceives it across the years, traits common to Monteverde, Caldara, Scarlatti, Pergolesi. These qualities are "grandeur, severity, robustness, conciseness, sobriety, simplicity of line, *plénitude plastique et équilibre architectural*, vivacity, audacity, and a perpetual quest of novelty". These Young Italians, therefore, seek a rejuvenated classicism, a true renaissance, "destined to reunite, in one harmonious eurythmic, all the newest conquests in the field of sonorous experiment, Italian and foreign." Already, Casella believes, the Italian modernists, exponents of this "new classicism", have begun to reveal a musical spirit that is native and distinct—that stands apart from "French Impressionism, Stravinskian primitivity, the cerebralism of Schönberg, the sensuality of the Spaniards, the audacious fantasy of such Hungarians as Bartok and Kodaly, and *la décadence Straussienne*."

These Young Italians are, of course, determined rebels and experimentalists, differing among themselves only in the degree of their audacity. They have perceived, no doubt, that the trend of musical art, from Monteverde onward, has been toward a progressive approximation of tonalities, an increasingly intimate relation between the different keys. One bar after another has been let down, and the gradually liberated music-maker has sported happily over an ever-widening expanse of tonal meadow, revelling in expanded prospects, plucking strange, unknown flowers and gathering pungent herbs—which, to the slower-paced observers in the rear, seemed to be merely tares and thistles.

Wagner seldom changed his key more often than once in every measure¹; Debussy often changed his with every beat. When separate tonalities had come within such hand-clasping proximity as this, it was hardly surprising that the next step in the advancing intimacy was for them to fall into one another's arms. This, at last, they have done; and we find in the music of the ultra-moderns a genuine marriage of tonalities (whether happy or not is scarcely, perhaps, for the mere observer to determine). Casella, Malipiero, and others of their clan (as Stravinsky and Schönberg and Strauss a while before them) habitually exhibit to us two totally different keys proceeding in double-harness—E-flat going along simultaneously with E natural; or the association may be triangular, and we have F natural as another element in the complex. This concurrent sounding of two or more keys—"polytony", or "harmonic counterpoint", as it has been called: the horizontal movement of chordal strands rather than of melodies—is the distinguishing technical procedure of the ultra-moderns. Instead of dissonances conceived as separate chords, or arising occasionally from the movement of distinct melodic parts, we have a multiform and practically continuous tissue of dissonance arising from the simultaneous movement of chord-groups in different keys. You can find an embryonic hint of this in Bach, as you can find almost everything else in that amazing forerunner; but there, of course, it is casual, momentary, episodic. With the moderns it is calculated, persistent, and cheerfully remorseless.

¹ It may be recalled that Wagner advised the young composer not to leave a key until he had said all he could in that key—a rule which he himself interpreted with delightful liberality.

Who shall assert that it was not a natural and inevitable step? There is Helmholtz to be remembered—Helmholtz the unerratic scientist, the deliberate student of musical sound: "The system of scales, modes, and harmonic tissues," he remarked, "does not rest wholly upon unalterable natural law, but is at least partly the result of æsthetic principles which have already changed, and will still further change with the development of humanity."

Signor Casella, now in his thirty-ninth year, is a remarkable figure among his colleagues. Nationalist and cosmopolite, realist and romantic, scholar and musicologist, he is at the same time a master of irony, a delicately lethal parodist, whose musical caricatures, *a la maniere de* . . . , are exquisitely malicious take-offs of Wagner, Brahms, Fauré, Debussy, d'Indy and others. He is a poet with a satiric mask. At twenty-five he had produced piano pieces, songs, chamber-music, and a symphony, music written with unusual surety and address, but without marked individuality. A maturer group—a second symphony, the *Rhapsody for Orchestra: Italia*, a suite in C major, a ballet: *Le couvent sur l'eau*—run from 1908 to 1912. "The true Casella" has been discerned in his setting for voice and orchestra of Carducci's *Notte di Maggio*, which dates from his thirtieth year (1913). After that followed those heretical scores by which he is most scandalously known to the orthodox—for piano, the *Nove pezzi* (1914), the ironic *Pupazetti* and *Sonatina* (1917); for orchestra, *Pagine di Guerra* (1915), *Elegia eroica* (1917), and *A Notte Alta* (for piano and orchestra, 1917–1921); and five recent pieces for String Quartet that include two studies in ragtime, *Valse Ridicule* and a "*Fox-trott*" (sic.).

He has been called "a musical Internationalist"; yet he loves Italy wholeheartedly, and labors with genuine passion and self-forgetfulness, as composer, conductor, teacher, pianist, critic, propagandist, for her intellectual good and her artistic glory.

He has set before us during his recent visit several of his own works, but nothing more impressive and memorable than the "poem" for piano and orchestra which he disclosed in New York for—strangely enough—the first time anywhere. This extraordinary score, originally a piano piece, was composed about five years ago. But Signor Casella has lately rewritten it for

orchestra and piano—the form in which, one is convinced, it must always have subconsciously existed for him. The composer has himself described its purport. He calls it *A Notte Alta* (“At Midnight” is perhaps as faithful a rendering in English as one may come at).

Two human actors are projected by the music—they are, not altogether surprisingly, a man and a woman. You see them wandering through a deep, winter night, a night clear and cold, still, solemn, mysterious. The man is grave and quiet; the woman melancholy, capricious. Now, says Signor Casella, begins the action of his tonal drama. “We have been aware only of the serene and lovely night, cold, splendid, inhuman, indifferent to earthly ills. But this night is like a vast and mysterious temple, whose secret depths are gradually revealed as by the opening of innumerable doors; and when a certain point has been attained, we hear out of the heart of the luminous darkness a word of infinite sweetness, the most enrapturing that can be uttered. A long ecstasy follows the avowal. A profound shudder—violent, tragic, abrupt—traverses the orchestra. When calmness has again returned, we hear once more the mysterious harmonies of the opening, and the two essential themes. There is a heart-breaking farewell. The lovers part, and the sound of diverging footsteps dies away in the immense silence. The night is once more calm and undisturbed. Ethereal harmonies, symbolizing the deep, enigmatic indifference of Nature to human emotions, conclude the poem.”

The burden of this is of course clear. It reminds one, in certain of its emotional essentials, of Meredith’s wonderful sonnet-sequence, *Modern Love*. The mood of the music ranges from a rapt and momentous exaltation to a piercingly vehement outcry of despairing grief. It is full of the tragic sense of mortal futility in the presence of the huge blank stare of the Cosmos. It gives us simply another aspect of the unalterable picture of the human innocent uttering his ecstasy or his woe in the midst of terrifying immensities—singing on the rim of a vast darkness, and realizing with dismay that he is only an unregarded voice on the shore; that the remote sweet peacefulness of the stars neither mirrors his felicity nor is designed to assuage his grief;

that he is merely one among a wandering multitude of shadows "sighing at the edge of the world".

Signor Casella has uttered these things in music of unforgettable intensity. Nothing more poignant, more sincere, more deeply poetical, has come out of Italy in our time. The idiom employed is not easily entertained by ears accustomed to the comfortably bourgeois ways of Signor Puccini's Muse—that Muse who is so perfectly fitted for the requirements of the public she sings to. Signor Casella knows not her easy and pleasurable lures—or rather, he knows them too well to be interested in exerting them. He is an artist of extraordinary subtlety and sobriety. He would as soon think of writing music calculated to echo in the boudoir or the drawing-room,—music to delight the smug, the savage, or the sentimental heart,—as Miss Amy Lowell (let us say) would think of writing poetry shrewdly geared to edify the manufacturers of Christmas cards. Like all original artists, he writes to please himself. He is, we fancy, sincerely and amusedly indifferent to its contemporary reception—for he is humorous and wise. And his imagination is far-flung. He can wait. That lazy moron, *das Publikum*,—as Wagner used contemptuously to call it,—may yet, and sooner than we think, come running after Casella and his kind, breathless and florid, but of course no wiser than before; since the poor cretin learns not, neither does it forget; having profited nothing whatever from its experiences with Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, d'Indy, and other once annoying innovators. Who would be so simple as to expect it to repent?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE Conference at Washington, which began with singular simplicity of purpose and programme, has developed step by step to a degree of comprehensiveness scarcely dreamed of at the outset, save by its far-sighted founders. To what extent it will ultimately be expanded, either *per se* or in its logical sequences, is at this date still matter for conjecture. What is certain, and is as gratifying as it is certain, is that the few great, basic principles for the enunciation of which it was summoned and which were with impressive unanimity adopted early in its deliberations, remain and will remain unmoved, the secure foundation of all else that has been or that may yet be done. If nothing else could be set down to its credit, that achievement alone would mark this Conference as one of the most fruitful and beneficent in the history of the world. But much else has been and doubtless will be done, through the tactful and resolute prosecution of the far-reaching programme which we must assume the President and the Secretary of State to have had in mind at their very inception of the design. It has become quite evident that Mr. Hughes's plans and purposes were not confined to the delivery of that one initial master-stroke which took the Conference and the world by storm, but that they included appropriately dealing with the whole train of results which his prevision told him would be sure to follow.

The most perplexing and not least important of the subsidiary issues which have thus far been raised is that relating to submarine vessels. Upon the question of reduction and limitation of capital ships agreement was effected with little difficulty or delay. Concerning submarines there quickly arose perhaps the most radical difference of opinion; or perhaps it would be more just to say, of practical policy. In this friendly controversy the division was that of *Britannia contra mundum*. Great Britain

alone roundly proposed the entire abolition and prohibition of submarine warfare, along with poison gas, aerial arson, and other Hunnish abominations. This superb attitude, instinct with the noblest impulses of humanity and chivalry, was characteristic of its author. Such methods of warfare are traditionally repugnant to the genius of the countrymen of Blake and Nelson and Beattie. It is to be recalled that the British Government more than a hundred years ago curtly rejected Fulton's device of a submerged torpedo-boat, and when a few years later the great Dundonald submitted to it plans for the practical annihilation of any antagonist,—plans which probably provided for either submarines or poison gas,—it recognized their assured effectiveness, but refused to adopt them because of their inhumanity, and filed them away where they should never be disclosed. Apart, moreover, from principle, which doubtless had first weight, Great Britain had and has special and very practical cause for abominating submarines. We must remember that through them she lost during the World War a million tons of shipping, valued at more than a billion dollars, and, worst of all, the lives of twenty thousand non-combatants, including many women and children. Also there was the significant argument, pressed with much force by Lord Lee, that according to the experience of the World War, submarines are of little or no avail against armed vessels and therefore are to be regarded merely as a menace to mercantile shipping. In view of these things, Great Britain would have to be either more or much less than human if she were to regard those furtive devices of destruction with anything less than aversion.

We must suppose that in principle submarine warfare is no less repugnant to the chivalric genius of the French. Yet at the Conference the French delegates insisted upon being permitted to have a submarine navy. For this the reasons were obvious, and no less commendable to consideration than were the British arguments in the other direction. France readily acceded to the limitation of her capital ships at a standard far below that of Great Britain and America. Yet it was impossible to dissuade her from the conviction that her need of defense was at

least as great as theirs; she probably regarded it, indeed, as much greater than theirs. She has a colonial empire second in extent only to that of Great Britain. She has in her home-land not only a land frontier to guard against a Power which for two thousand years has been her persistent and malignant enemy and frequent despoiler, but also an extensive and vulnerable frontage upon three seas. Moreover, it is impossible to be blind, save wilfully, to the fact that if another European war occurs, it will be directed against France, and it will be upon her that the first blow will fall. The *Gott strafe England!* of a few years ago has been transformed into *Gott strafe France!* And while from one side of her mouth Germany is pleading poverty and forecasting bankruptcy if she is not permitted to repudiate the just debts which everybody knows she is amply able to pay in full, from the other she is whispering to her boys that the supreme aim of their coming manhood must be to wage a war of revenge and destruction against France, and is intriguing with Soviet Russia for her aid in that campaign. In such circumstances to deny France full rights of self-defense would be unthinkable.

The situation thus presented in the Conference was of peculiar interest to Americans, because of the striking analogy which the attitude of France presented to that of this country many years ago. There can be no question that this country was earnestly in favor, in theory, of all four of the rules of the Declaration of Paris, of 1856. Yet it refused to subscribe thereto, because in practice it recognized that one of them—that abolishing privateering—might prove disastrous to it without other guarantees which it was unable to obtain. This was the situation: The United States had an enormous mercantile marine, but a much smaller navy than the other Powers. Therefore in case of war, if privateering were forbidden, she would be helpless at sea and her commerce would be destroyed by the superior navy of her foe; while if she were permitted to transform her merchant clippers into privateers, she could make good her lack of a navy and hold her own on the ocean. So she prudently declined to assent to the abolition of privateering unless the other Powers would agree to exempt all private property at sea from molesta-

tion, save, of course, contraband of war. In other words, she would not deprive herself of the power of self-defense unless she could have some satisfactory guarantee of security. The other Powers would not give that guarantee, and therefore the United States stayed out of the Declaration of Paris. Precisely so at Washington France was unwilling to deprive herself of an easy and inexpensive means of self-defense, unless she could have such a guarantee of security as the other Powers were apparently unable to give her to her satisfaction. The great and gratifying difference between the two cases is, of course, that France had no thought of letting these circumstances debar her from participating in the major agreements of the Conference.

Our nearness to it in time makes it difficult for us to appreciate the magnitude, the epochal significance, of the Irish settlement. When the treaty was signed by David Lloyd George and Arthur Griffith and their colleagues, promptly to be ratified by the Imperial Parliament, there was present in visible form a noteworthy company of men, who will be remembered for that act above most other things in their distinguished lives. But it requires little play of the fancy to see surrounding them a greater company, recruited from the history of five troublous centuries. There are the proud Geraldines, Shane and "Red" Hugh O'Neill, and the ill-fated Devereux; Tyrconnel and Oliver Cromwell; the recreant James II, the ruthless William III, and the knightly Sarsfield; Grattan and Flood, Wolfe Tone and Emmet; Castle-reagh, Cornwallis and Pitt; O'Connell, Butt and Parnell; the tragic figure of Lord Frederick Cavendish; Gladstone, running the gamut from buckshot coercion to Home Rule; Chamberlain, revolutionizing British politics to prevent the very thing to which his son now cordially accedes—these and many more may well have been the spiritual witnesses of the transcendent event which "mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave". A touch of shame must come upon us, at knowing that the most malignant and sordid attempts to balk the great settlement, so eagerly desired and so heartily approved by the masses of both peoples, were made in this country, and not solely by men of Irish origin. It is easy to understand, of course, that

with a final solution and disposition of the age-long "Irish problem" some professional patriots for revenue only, and some persistent mischief-makers between the two great English-speaking democracies, will find their particularly discreditable occupations gone. But that will be merely additional cause for gratification over the settlement, not only to Irishmen and Englishmen, but in no less measure to Americans who have long wearily resented having this country made the propagandist battle-ground in the feud between the Sassenach and the Gael.

The release of a number of Federal prisoners as an act of Christmas-time grace has been regarded with general approval commensurate with its correct interpretation; or, rather, with avoidance of its misinterpretation. It would have been a deplorable mistake for anyone to imagine that the men were released because of the slightest change of opinion as to their guilt or the justice of the sentences imposed upon them. There is no doubt that to the President in his act of signing their release their crimes appeared just as black and as vile as they did to the judges in their acts of pronouncing sentence; and as they appear to the overwhelming mass of the nation. They were released not because of any lack of guilt, but rather because the beneficent purpose served by their incarceration had been accomplished, and because they were assumed to have suffered enough for mere punishment. It would have been—it would be—at least equally deplorable for them to be regarded as what a few thoughtless persons and some of their partisans have called them, "political prisoners." It cannot be too clearly understood or too strongly emphasized that there are no "political prisoners" in this country, in the sense in which that term has been used in despotic lands, or indeed in any rational sense. Not one of these men was imprisoned because of his political opinions. Every one of them was convicted of crime, of wilfully and wickedly breaking a law which the American nation had made for its own welfare. They were no more "political offenders" than so many burglars, forgers and murderers in our State prisons, and they were released on precisely the same grounds as those on which such clemency is at times shown to other criminals.

Comparably with the fallen soldiers of humanity in the World War must we honor the memory of that other soldier of humanity who fell victim to the foe which he was seeking to vanquish at Vera Cruz. Dr. Howard B. Cross, of the Rockefeller Institute, went to that notorious plague-spot to conduct a campaign against yellow fever similar to those which had been successfully waged in Cuba, at Panama and at Guayaquil, but like the martyred Lazear in Cuba himself contracted and died from the disease. It was less thrilling in circumstance but no whit less heroic in essence than the death of the leader of a bayonet charge in No Man's Land. The tragic incident is a reminder of the progress which has already been made, in this centenary year of Pasteur the Great, toward realizing his prophecy of the elimination of all communicable or germ diseases from the world. Vital statistics show a great decrease in mortality from such diseases, some of the formerly most destructive having now waned toward the vanishing point; while on the other hand there is a marked increase in the death roll from maladies which we may regard as the product of social or personal imprudence or actual misconduct, especially disorders of the heart and other organs, and that worst scourge of all, protean-formed cancer. The genius of Pasteur blazed the way to victory over the majority of destructive epidemics, including consumption, cholera, the plague, typhoid, diphtheria, malarial fevers and what not else. There is needed another genius, perhaps of moral suasion rather than of scientific lore, to inspire men to a like campaign against the other ills which have taken the places of these in the tables of high mortality.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE MIND IN THE MAKING. By James Harvey Robinson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"We do not think enough about thinking," exclaims Mr. Robinson, and more thought about thinking—a truer appreciation of what the mind really is—affords the only means of escape, he believes, from "the gross stupidity and blindness which characterize our present thought and conduct in public affairs."

The idea is not, of course, altogether new. Psychology, since Locke, has been busy in showing that the mind is not by any means *tabula rasa* at birth, and that thinking is not really the formal, logical process that the schoolmen imagined it to be. The mere mechanical "association of ideas"—once thought to be a solution of all psychological difficulties—has also proved inadequate to explain all the ways of the mind. James and Dewey, with their pragmatic account of things, and with their emphasis upon use and purpose as the touchstone of truth, made possible such a critique as Mr. Robinson has written of our general ways of thinking and of our attitude towards public questions.

But it required no little courage and insight to apply these ideas widely and unsparingly to our civilized life to-day. We may all cheerfully plead guilty to private *reverie*, to *rationalizing* our own religious beliefs. But *reverie* in politics—*rationalizing* in political economy! It is hard to believe.

Yet there is really no escape from Mr. Robinson's conclusion. Ordinarily we all take the easiest way—we dream, we let the stream of thought flow on. Our case is naïvely illustrated by the story, told in the Mabinogion, of a knight who was furious because he was interrupted by some civil inquiry while leaning on his spear and reflecting on the resemblance between the ravens relieved against the snow around him and his sweetheart's hair against her white brow. Persons of quality, arriving at the scene of the quarrel, agreed that the knight had good cause for wrath. His resentment was, in fact, perfectly natural—and the primitive instinct to resentment under such conditions survives in us all.

Frequently, however, we suffer necessary interruptions; we have to decide something. Then we make the decision as quickly as possible and put it away—we *dispose* of the matter. Thus we tend to reduce our purposeful thinking to a minimum.

But suppose our opinions, our cherished beliefs, our habitual attitudes, are attacked; then, indeed there is a great mustering and rallying of ideas—but not,

alas! for the purpose of determining the truth! However we may strain after the virtue of controversial *fairness*, we are really only defending ourselves. And how quick we are to fly to the rescue of our attitudes! How much time is wasted in every public meeting in explaining "Where I stand"!

From this rationalizing tendency only physical science escapes—if, indeed, it does escape, which Veblen doubts. In all other branches of knowledge "rationalizing" is more or less rampant, and it makes the formation of a true public opinion almost infinitely slow.

In expressing and applying these fundamental ideas, Mr. Robinson has achieved a breadth and clearness not common. One has to turn to some such writer as Wells or Graham Wallas to find the like of it. But Mr. Robinson is simpler than Wells or Graham Wallas, and does not implicate us in social theories. The only serious criticism one can make upon his work is that the latter part of the book is rather too simply a sort of tirade against the conservative, against the one Wells has called "the unteachable, the 'old fool'." True, Mr. Robinson is not guilty of being dogmatic himself. Very frankly he says: "The so-called 'radical' is almost always wrong, for no one can foresee the future." Yet the conservative is "fatally wrong"; it is against him that the attack has to be chiefly directed, and there is little recognition of the possibility that his instincts may have their uses. There is no misrepresentation here—though perhaps there is an omission, or at least a certain failure of catholicity. It is all a question of stress and proportion.

THE TOWER OF OBLIVION. By Oliver Onions. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Onions's real difficulty, one would say, is in his subject: granting his theme, one has to admit his rather extraordinary art. He has told his story in the only way in which it could be told; he has invested it with all the reality and all the feeling it perhaps admits of. He has deftly chosen his point of view; he has skillfully varied his method of narration; he unobtrusively and just in the nick of time exposes the thoughts of minds other than that of the supposed narrator, so that we see *their* minds at work. He, moreover, invokes youth, beauty, and humor to aid him. But all will not do! The *idea* of the story is alluring, but it refuses to become interesting. And this is a pity, for one can see that the tale had to be written. There is, after all, a haunting suggestion of possible human experience in its very idea.

Who has not had in some degree the experience of going mentally backward? One is suddenly disillusioned with the present, let us say, and, aided by some recurrence of old circumstances—finding oneself, perhaps, doing the very same thing as on a previous occasion—one is possessed by an old mood. To all intents and purposes, one *is*, for the time being, the man or woman of

ten or twenty years before! This is all a matter of mood, of course; but moods may be dismissed too lightly.

Now suppose that, instead of merely experiencing this more or less common retrogression of mood, a man actually began to *live* backward—to “grow” from forty-five toward sixteen! The *prompting* might be much the same as in the simpler case—extreme disillusionment, a too near approach to Heaven or Hell, and then the recurrence of old memories and an old situation. Would not such a man be well within the pale of our sympathy and understanding? Ought not his case to be supremely interesting?

It ought to be, but it isn't.

The trouble is that the idea of the story cannot, with utmost skill, be made to reveal itself, little by little, through an orderly and natural process, in terms of human experience. Obstinate and uncompromisingly, it calls for *explanation*. It has to be allowed to stand out, and when it is once detached from obscurity, nothing else has a chance. As a result, the story takes as much exposition as a discourse on the Black Art, or an essay on the Rosicrucians, or the literature of our friends the Theosophists. One does not mean to imply that Mr. Onions has had recourse to these or any other myths: simply, his theme is similarly refractory to the touch of literary art.

Derwent Rose, the novelist, who undergoes the reversal of life, is in many ways rather a human figure. But we forget his humanity in trying to grasp his predicament. His friend, the supposed narrator, tries to give dramatic value to his analysis by shrinking in (more or less factitious) horror from the sheer crudity of the explanations themselves. It is a good trick, but it does not altogether work. It is of no avail that Mr. Onions writes poetically of Dinan and the French countryside and of young love. It is to comparatively little purpose that he most artfully invests the newly youthful Derwent Rose with an angelic grace compounded of youth and age. It is with only moderate success that he reveals to us the strange emotional state of Julia Oliphant, who has loved “Derry” since both were children and now hopes by all manner of wiles to capture him on his way back to infancy—a strong theme this; but the idea, with its insistent demand for definition, will not let it grow. The idea eats up the story.

One has only to compare this novel with a masterpiece like Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* to perceive the difference in the workability of the two themes. James's story tells itself without strain from the best available point of view, that of the governess of the two possessed children. Mr. Onions continually feels the inadequacy of the point of view he has adopted and makes his supposed narrator more and more futile as a human being in an endeavor to compensate for the other lack. James's figures are shadowy, yet they lay hold on our sympathies. Mr. Onions's characters are presented with almost burdensome fulness, yet they never become quite real to us. It could hardly be otherwise. Thus, one's dominant emotion in reading the story is sympathy for Mr. Onions in his forlorn attempt.

IF WINTER COMES. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Novel-writing, despite some signs to the contrary, makes real progress as an art; but it is not often that the new art is combined with the old magic so effectively as in A. S. M. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes*. There is nothing experimental in this novel; it is written with a sure hand. Any dissatisfaction we may be inclined to feel with the modern "novel of ideas", or with the too artful drama of other modern novels, is prevented from the outset in Mr. Hutchinson's book. Nor, if we fear to encounter the engaging, rambling method of a De Morgan, or the daintily discursive manner of a Locke, do we find even these slight apprehensions justified. Yet Mr. Hutchinson's novel is a subtly contrived, artfully dramatic novel of the modern school; it is entertainingly casual and discursive in manner; it is a novel with an idea—and in addition it has practically all the "sure-fire" effects of a story by Dickens!

Now what is the secret of this extraordinary success? How does Mr. Hutchinson manage to write a novel every line of which is good, and not one word of which is "precious" or unnecessary?

So far as a limited critic's analysis may discover, this unusual result depends mainly on two factors.

Consider, first, the author's approach to his subject. Mr. Hutchinson is profoundly interested in the mystery of life itself—and what else should a novelist write about? In the present story, he seems to have got hold of this mystery by one of the right handles. He does far better with it than he did in *The Happy Warrior*. In the earlier story he appeared to be dealing with mere *fortuity*, or even with a whimsical fate. One had times of feeling that the author was dramatically amusing himself, or else that he was saying, like Thomas Hardy, "This *kind* of thing does happen: make the best or the worst of it." And these two misinterpretations got in the light of the true idea of the story—Wordsworth's idea about the Happy Warrior, or Solon's idea that you can never judge a man happy until you know how he *died*. This consideration, together with something derivative from George Borrow and a little unreal in the Gipsy passages, made *The Happy Warrior* something less than an entire success. One could not help feeling that the author had not wholly succeeded in saying in that book what he really wanted to say about the wonder of life.

But in *If Winter Comes* Mr. Hutchinson approaches the mystery not through the single avenue of a tricky fate or that of an average probability, but through various paths. Everywhere we are subtly impressed with the immense and secret significance of our lives. Old Mr. Fargus expresses it in his life, in his ideas about chess, in his death; young Perch expresses it; old Mrs. Perch expresses it; they both express it in that strange Dickens-like and yet *un-Dickens-like* scene at old Mrs. Perch's deathbed. Lady Tybar feels it in her most irresponsible moments. In fact, we all feel it, though we do not express it. The people of this story do express it continually, scarcely

knowing that they do, and without straining for it in the least. This is art.

Moreover, the hero of this story is ideal for constructive purposes. We have only to look into his mind to understand the story and to see that, granting his temperament, the course of its events is inevitable. Only once or twice does the author feel obliged, in the interests of clarity, to view Mark Sabre objectively through the eyes of a somewhat improbably hilarious solicitor. Thus Sabre, created natural and lovable, is also a perfect medium for the story-teller.

But there is, in the second place, another felicity of method which deserves stress.

The curse of the modern novel is fanciful psychology, complexity of motive, aimless subjectivity, mood-mongering. Now the fact is that while the content of the staidest mind may be endlessly variable and even wildly varied, our motives are for the most part as simple as those of children—except, of course, when we play the tedious game of refining on our motives, as the people of Howells's novels are wont to do. That is a real human habit, but it is secondary. Primarily we are simple—not in thought, but in essential feeling. Mr. Hutchinson knows this, as Dickens knew it, and he gives us richness of mental content with simplicity of motive. This is a factor that makes for power in his stories. To be sure some of the people he creates seem, on reflection, even too simple; they blunder so much, scheme so little—some are merely foils, though good ones. But how much better than the contrary error!

THE CRAFT OF FICTION. By Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though the considerations which Mr. Lubbock brings forward at the beginning of his discourse seem rather fine-spun and though they are of a sort rather likely to discourage the plain truth-seeker or the single-minded literary aspirant, the author's success in getting to the root of difficult practical matters with a minimum of delay and a maximum of clearness is little short of a triumph.

A novel, Mr. Lubbock says in effect, is different from other forms of art, such as painting or sculpture (he does not mention *music*), in that you cannot keep the work of art as a whole before your eyes. All that you have to criticize is an imperfect memory of the book; consequently you can never perfectly appreciate its form. All this is talk of the sort which has become fashionable since psychology applied its principles to art; it seems remotely to echo the old despair over the impossibility of reconciling religion with science, or the terror that people felt when they first recognized that knowledge is relative and not absolute. One does not like sickly things in connection with literature, and a dread of the scientific point of view, a feeling that psychology makes monkeys of us when we try to create or to criticize literature, is an ailment of the literary mind to-day.

But Mr. Lubbock gets bravely over it. After all, he finds perfectly definite problems to solve and he succeeds in solving them quite definitely. If he is metaphysically apologetic in his first chapter, he is metaphysically precise and clear in dealing with his actual subject matter later, and the difficulty of remembering the form of a story does not figure much, except in the introduction.

A philosophic gift is needed, for few things are more baffling to the average intellect than is the relation between the novelist's mind and his subject. But Mr. Lubbock is able to secure the great advantage of starting at the right point. "What is the subject?" he says. "What is the story *about*? . . . this is the question to press." And again: "The best form is that which makes the most of its subject—there is no other definition of form in fiction."

In other words, *purpose* is the key to right art and right criticism, as it is to most other things as well. We are not able to judge of any form of human endeavor, or even to define it, until we have discovered its purpose. It is well that this point is not lost sight of, as it so often is, in a sophisticated discussion of technique.

After applying this criterion of subject, or purpose, to one or two well-chosen masterpieces, the author goes on to the consideration of the various methods by which the novelist makes his form fit the theme he has undertaken. He draws, in the first place, a valid and illuminating distinction between the panoramic method (the picture-making or objectifying faculty of the novelist) and the dramatic method. For the sake of its greater intensity the dramatic method tends always to be preferred. The first step in this direction is the telling of the story in the first person—the substitution of a "characterized 'I'" for the meaningless "I" of the narrator in the background. But there are later refinements, culminating in the device of allowing the reader to watch, not the mere acts, but the thoughts, of the protagonist in the story—the author still *telling* nothing—and of then, by a sleight of art hardly perceptible to the reader, regarding this same protagonist once more objectively, to be *seen*, like any other person in the narrative. Mr. Lubbock ingeniously simplifies these subtleties, showing at the same time their practical importance.

This book about the novelist's craft is neither purely professional nor purely academic in attitude. It is as far from being over-literary as it is from being "popular" in style. If one is a bit surprised to find a discussion of the art of novel-writing confined so closely to the question of the point of view in narration, still one can hardly question the supreme importance of this phase of the subject as the author develops it.

MORE THAT MUST BE TOLD. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper and Brothers.

What gives interest to Sir Philip Gibbs's new book is really his downright and slashing attack upon the political leaders of Europe—the "Old Gang" as

he calls them. His other points are neither novel nor phenomenally effective in the mode of their setting forth. A certain faith in humanity, a certain none too well substantiated faith in the reformation of Germany, the thesis that Germany was not *exclusively* to blame for conditions leading up to the war—these attitudes are familiar. They are set forth by Sir Philip with great eloquence, but they seem to be impressions rather than fully developed convictions, and there is generally a noticeable tendency to assert somewhat more than the facts produced seem to warrant.

Of the German people he says: "Their revolution had been real to a degree which we do not even yet admit. It had replaced the Emperor by Ebert the tailor, and all the other kings of Germany had fled. More than that, it did represent a great change in the moral and spiritual outlook of the German people. Gone were the arrogant officers swaggering along the sidewalks and thrusting civilians to the gutter. Gone was all the military pomp and pride which had assumed so great a place in their national life. The immensity of their losses in men and wealth, the staggering figures of their national debts, the inevitability and enormity of the price they would have to pay, shocked the soul of Germany to its innermost recesses, uprooted the very foundations of their old faith and gave them an entirely new vision regarding their past history and their future place."

Perhaps.

But if Sir Philip does not always convince one when he writes of what might have been, one does feel that it is good for us to have someone acute enough and courageous enough to attack the leadership of the old school in Sir Philip's slashing, large-minded, unpartizan way. It is good reading, too. An acute critic, not merely a writer of political broadsides, the author demonstrates his skill not merely by his attempt to discover the weakness of the Prime Minister but also by his subtle and not too laudatory sketch of Mr. H. G. Wells. If Sir Philip had not an emotional conscience, he could be a wonderful satirist.

One likes the spirit of this later book, on the whole, better than that of *Now It Can be Told*. There is less of the rawness of outraged feeling in it. Its point of view is clear from the start, and Sir Philip quite successfully carries his reader along with him through most of his discourse.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INTERPRETATION NOT ATHEISM

SIR:

I cannot restrain an impulse to applaud the suggestions made in the article of Herbert D. Miles in a recent number of the *REVIEW*.

We certainly need a new Bible, one that will outline the essential principles of Christianity. I, and most of my acquaintances, believe in the moral and ethical principles which Christ taught and to that extent can be considered Christian. I have never joined a church because I could not do so without misrepresenting myself by the act itself.

When I first discovered that I could not accept a literal interpretation of the Bible I supposed, of course, I was therefore an atheist. I supposed this until I read some atheistic works. I then discovered I was no atheist. I have long since given up the idea that it is necessary to belong to any particular "school" of thought or hold any creed that agrees in every particular with that of any group. I have found comfort and satisfaction in a creed of my own.

A new Bible would save many a man years of groping in spiritual darkness.

W. W. GOULD.

San José, Costa Rica.

THE MOVIES AND ART

SIR:

I feel that attention should be drawn to a recent article, entitled *Movies as Dope*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Certainly thinking people do wish that the moving pictures were improved, but those reading Mrs. Pennell's article must find it difficult to understand, much less to agree with, the exaggerated statements used as hypotheses for the conclusions she has reached.

To quote: "It has not been art, but the love of make-believe that has driven people to the play, the desire to throw off the boredom of the real for the enchantment of the unreal. . . . The dramatic artist fills the stage not with life, but the semblance of life."

Mrs. Pennell's objection here is evidently not against "movies" themselves, but against this love of make-believe. She condemns it, as well as amusement, without telling us why, yet admitting this desire has its roots deep down in human nature. Surely such an observation should lead one to examine the truth of a conclusion so at variance with nature. And, in so doing, would one not be confronted with the problem of how to distinguish between

the "real" and the "unreal"? In the final analysis this desire we all share is a yearning toward the fulfillment of our ideals, and it is the nature of this ideal and "unreal" world that shapes our destinies.

Mrs. Pennell says, in support of her argument that the camera can never be an instrument of art, that "it cannot create or compose or design". And, further, "the photographer selects his subject, he does not arrange it . . . the machine does the work, and what the machine manufactures is a record of fact". First an understanding of the word "art" is necessary. Might it not be expressed in this way: "Art" is that piece of work which bespeaks the personality and genius of its producer,—which "lives" because of that "something" imparted to it from the very life and soul of its originator, that "something" being imaginary in that it cannot be analyzed, yet is more real than the facts of which it is composed? If it be a landscape, this beauty is not alone due to the actual trees in the scene, nor to the exact truthfulness of the presentation, but to the imagery, the vital touch imparted to that piece by the artist.

If Mrs. Pennell agrees with this definition of art and the further interpretation of the artist's relation to life, she must understand my objection to her condemnation of the love of make-believe. Though the facts of a story may be untrue as actual history, it still can be real, full of imagery, true values—though new combinations of life—even to the point of "art". It can be of no matter how that story is told,—whether by the vehicle of spoken or written words, or by painting or sculpture, or by stage or film,—for, in this world, matter is the medium for all expression. When the spirit of the artist is stamped indelibly and unmistakably upon his work, then is that piece of work "art".

Mrs. Pennell also says "the films give something to look at, nothing to think about". Even in the worst of them there is something to think about. The presentation of "nothing" before the eyes of the public could scarcely be as detrimental as most of the pictures are, or as beneficial as are the few. Even though Mrs. Pennell may not recognize that there is thought in the poorer films (of a low order to be sure, but, still, thought), she must agree that where there is art there is truth.

There is still a large field of discussion open as regards the "laziness" of people consenting to give their attention to moving pictures. I may ask whether, in this world where there is so much to be studied, where there are so many spheres of knowledge unexplored, it is a part of "laziness" to seek that method by which the most can be accomplished in the shortest, most impressive and efficient way? Is this instinctive choice to be condemned or commended? To force any growth is to forfeit the gain one would reap, but, as nature is, after all, the final answer to our perplexities, it is well to notice that, though she works, she never "labors"; though she accomplishes what to us seems the impossible, she never chooses the longest route, but practices economy throughout.

All who think at all are certainly with Mrs. Pennell in an effort to improve the films, making them a channel for the expression of art; but constructive thinking is needed. It avails us little to condemn or tear down the structure that is, by reason of its forcefulness, a vital part of our people's life, if we do not build anything to take its place. Let us acknowledge its possibilities, and then, in such ways as are judged wise by our majority, direct the abilities of the generation toward raising these productions to a higher level until an increasing majority approaches the standard of "art".

MARGARET SCHUYLER STERNBIRGH.

Seattle, Washington.

NIRVANA VINDICATED

SIR:

Does the author of *The Movies as Dope* which appeared in the November REVIEW realize the slur twice cast on Nirvana, which it is suggested can be easily achieved by the movie addict whose thinking powers are being "doped"?

The religious devotee whether Hindu or Christian is *never* "seduced" into the state of Nirvana. He strives with all his spiritual might to return consciously back to the source from which he came forth—undifferentiated—a glorious goal, a tremendous expansion of consciousness, the exact opposite to annihilation.

While appreciating all that is said about the machine made art, the usurper, I deeply regret the fact that many readers may swallow this fallacious presentation of Nirvana.

MONA DE FILIPPI.

Berkeley, Cal.

UNAMERICAN "AMERICANISMS"

SIR:

In his review of my book on *American English*, in your November issue (which book, by the way, is merely a development of an article under the same title in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, 1883), Mr. Archibald Marshall remarks that my taking for granted that it is ungrammatical to say "I have been to London" seems to "need elucidation". Considering the uniform purity of diction in Mr. Marshall's writings, so far as I have read the books of that distinguished novelist, it is surprising that he can require "elucidation" of the simple fact that you cannot be "to" a place—in good English. If the phrase quoted were correct, it would be correct for the speaker to amplify it by adding: "I was to London last week, but now I am to home." Of course the proper preposition is "in" or "at".

GILBERT M. TUCKER.

Albany, N. Y.